

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

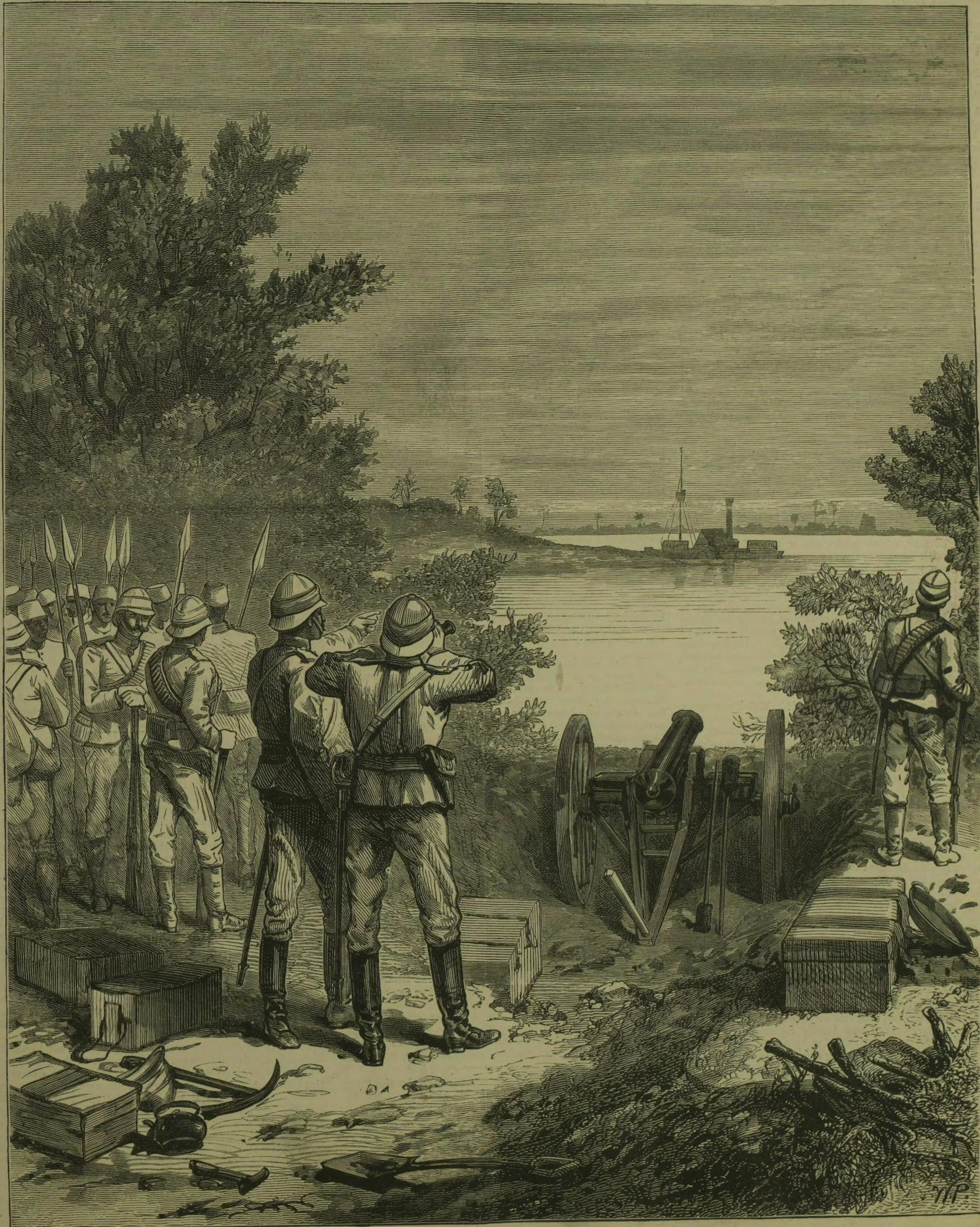
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WITH SIXPENCE.
EXTRA SUPPLEMENT | By Post, 6d.

Steamer wrecked on a sandbank.



Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley. Sir C. Wilson.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: SIR CHARLES WILSON AND HIS PARTY ON THE ISLAND OF MERUAT, AFTER THE WRECK OF THEIR STEAMER,
FROM A SKETCH BY SIR CHARLES WILSON, FORWARDED BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



A more brilliant ball than that of the Honourable Artillery Company on the 4th inst. can scarcely have taken place in the history of this oldest of Volunteer regiments. Graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales in his scarlet uniform as Captain-General and Colonel of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Princess of Wales, radiant in a beautiful dress of pale blue and silver brocade, and wearing a flashing coronet and necklace of diamonds, Prince Edward, the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Waldemar of Denmark (the Princess of Wales's brother), and M. and Madame Waddington, all of whom entered with spirit into the dancing, the ball was especially noteworthy for the illustrious personages present. The handsome Lieutenant-Colonel, the Duke of Portland, may well have smiled with satisfaction at the glowing scene. In particular good taste were the plenteous floral decorations of the dancing marquee, the long grasses in the baskets pendent from the roof being generally admired. The first Royal quadrille was begun to the familiar tune of "Wait Till the Clouds Roll by, Jenny"; and it was noted that Prince Edward, conspicuous in the blue uniform of the Norfolk Artillery Militia, evidently inherited much of the bonhomie and earnestness of the Prince of Wales, who, by-the-way, graciously expressed to Mr. J. Longden, the secretary of the admirable Ball Committee, his personal gratification at the complete success of the ball.

Every Englishman who reads Shakspeare or sees his plays acted believes that he understands the character of Hamlet. He knows, or thinks he knows, that in the Prince of Denmark we see a mind so sicklied o'er with thought that reflection incapacitates for action. This, though expressed in different ways, is the judgment of Shakspearian critics, from Schlegel to Professor Dowden; but now Mr. George Macdonald has discovered that all the poet's readers have been mistaken and his critics also. In an elaborate "study" of the play just published, the writer states his conviction that Hamlet is remarkable as a man of action—indeed, when a thing has to be done, one of the promptest of men. Mr. Macdonald's judgment is startling, even in days when we are accustomed to the most novel opinions with regard to all matters of literature and art. If, however, his arguments, which is probable, fail to convince, they deserve to be considered; for the critic is no idle writer, and the work in which they are expressed is emphatically a study.

It is fitting that the greatest poet of Scotland and the best song-writer of Great Britain should have the niche in Westminster Abbey which was granted to his bust last Saturday. We wonder, however, what Robert Burns would have thought of this long-delayed honour could he have foreseen it. There was more humour than reverence in his composition, and one can imagine some sly hits at the irony of fate, which made him a gauger in life and ranks him with the great ones of the earth in death. No poet needs a memorial so little; for Burns, like Shakespeare, has built himself a live-long monument in the hearts of all his countrymen. The humblest reader can understand him, the most learned man turns with infinite delight to his pages, and in all grades of society his songs are household words. Burns's highest ambition was to "sing a sang at least" for Scotland's sake. He has done this and more. The sweetest singer of Scotland has not had to be content with these islands as his world. He has conquered both hemispheres.

It is well known that there are in the Mahdi's army a great many foreign officers, and it is not impossible that Roqueplan's story of an occurrence during the Greek war of independence may be enacted over again some day. An officer in Greek uniform was brought before one of the Sultan's generals, and as each shot angry glances at the other, the Hellenic warrior said, as if to himself: "My last hour is come, but the face of this son of Islam is not unknown to me, I fancy I have seen him before." "Leave us alone," ejaculated the Turk; and when he had been obeyed he looked into his captive's eyes, and said, in a voice of thunder, "Gebassier, you owe me ten francs!" The truth was that the men were two of the first Napoleon's old officers, who finding themselves in retirement on half-pay after his fall, had respectively entered the services of Greece and Turkey. The ten francs had been borrowed during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, but the former comrades had never met again till the Turko-Greek campaign once more threw them together.

The island of Madagascar is inhabited by many tribes, one of which, the Betzileo, worship serpents. Many of them have small inclosures near their dwellings where they maintain numbers of these reptiles, and pay them the utmost reverence. Mr. Little, who lived for many years in Madagascar, and was on friendly terms with his neighbours, knew that one family received daily visits from a large forest snake, called it by name, and regarded it with veneration; and, having a great desire to interfere with that particular "doxy," he waylaid the creature one day as it approached the familiar dwelling, and dealt it a death-blow with a club. The tribe rose against him as one man, and he narrowly escaped with his life.

One of the most important exhibits in the French section of the forthcoming Antwerp Exhibition will be a large *salle*, 300 square yards in extent, in which magnificent specimens of Gobelins and Beauvais tapestry, as well as the national manufactures of Sèvres china and mosaics will be shown. The best and largest piece of Gobelins represents *Homère déifié*. The French section will probably be guarded by thirty sailors.

Captain Brand, of H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, our flag-ship on the Pacific station, is a man who knows how to make the *amende honorable* with a good grace when he finds he has been mistaken. It happened, two or three months ago, that the chief engineer on board this vessel discovered a serious defect in her machinery, and reported it in writing to the captain. This officer could not believe him, and requested that the letter might be withdrawn; and as the chief engineer refused to do it, the opinion of two other engineers was sought. They declared that the machinery was all that it should be, so the protestor was transferred to the *Mutine*, and the chief engineer of that vessel went to do duty on the *Swiftsure* during her trip along the coast. When the cruise was over, the engines were examined, and it proved that the original engineer was right. The machinery was completely useless for three days, during which time artificers had to work hard in one of the cylinders at a temperature of 148 degrees to make the defects good. Thereupon Captain Brand reinstated his chief engineer, taking care that he was allowed his full pay while away from his own ship, as well as the proper allowance for extra duties. All's well that ends well, but in this instance there was a very narrow escape from a most disastrous ending.

The Anarchist, Reinsdorff, on the eve of his execution, wrote a touching letter to his brother saying how thankful he was for the prospect of death instead of penal servitude for life, and exhorting him to endeavour to be content with the existing order of things, to cherish and support his father and mother in their old age, and devote himself to the welfare of some younger brothers and sisters. An ounce of example is worth a ton of precept, and time alone will prove whether Bruno Reinsdorff becomes a prominent Anarchist, or whether the daily round and common task of filial and fraternal duty will suffice his soul.

A truly remarkable match at billiards was that won on the 6th inst. (the last day of play) by Mr. John Roberts, jun., titular champion, who conceded 3000 points out of 10,000, and Mr. T. Taylor, sometime candidate for the championship, and likely to be a candidate again. Let the scores speak for themselves: the following are those in which either player scored more than one hundred, chiefly, of course, by the "spot" stroke:—

ROBERTS.								
162	188	118	203	214	123	117	156	116
176	344	369	574	111	163	357	417	609
109	371	179	321	161	280	574	111	163
278	102	563	137	570	450			357
TAYLOR.								
137	344	441	115	171	145	100	111	105
295	128	195	630	117	265	284		616

Mr. Roberts, it will be observed, triumphed by "average"; Mr. Taylor, who lost the match by 1663, nevertheless twice made more in a single "break" than was made in any single break by the champion. The pluck with which the loser played was astonishing; the rapidity with which the winner played was incredible: when he got behind the red for the "screw back" stroke on the "spot," it was like shooting with a repeating rifle, and the attendant could not spot the ball quickly enough. There was some curiosity to see how Mr. Roberts, having for so long played the "all round" game exclusively, would succeed with the "spot stroke"; the curious, no doubt, went home satisfied. Envy itself could not attempt to detract from the splendid play of the champion, who "screwed back" for the "spot stroke" no fewer than sixty-one times consecutively in one break; but it cannot be denied that pockets are easier than they were of old, and it is a question whether they will not have to be made more difficult—for the champion.

M. Jan Van Beers, the Belgian artist whose exhibition of pictures in Bond-street has caused some sensation, requested permission to paint a portrait of the Princess of Wales, and present it to her Royal Highness. The offer has not yet been accepted; but the Prince, who was at a party at Mr. Millais' on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., commissioned the painter of "Cherry Ripe" to execute a picture of the Princess. As soon as the large Academy work, "The Ornithologist," and the two portraits of Mr. Gladstone are completed, the one of her Royal Highness will be commenced. With such a subject, such an artist cannot fail to make a grand success.

It is the "way of putting it" that makes so much difference. The veracious Osman Digna sums up the list of "our" disasters in the Soudan, during the last two years, thus: "The defeat and annihilation of the army of General Hicks, the defeat of Baker Pasha, the capture of Sinkat and Tokar, the fall of Khartoum, the death of General Gordon, and the retreat of Wolseley, driven back by the Mahdi to Dongola." It is an appalling list at first sight; but, on recovering from the staggers and recalling the memory of El Teb and Tamanieb, we are a little reassured by the reflection that not a single one of the triumphs upon which Osman Digna justly prides himself was won over a British force, that to treachery alone belongs the credit of Khartoum's capture and Gordon's death, and that Wolseley's retreat was a natural consequence of the condition brought about by the treachery, the Mahdi having had little more to do with "driving" him "back" than the shore has to do with driving back the sea at the ebb of the tide.

Here is another instance of what is done by the "way of putting it." Lord Granville thinks that some explanation is due to Prince von Bismarck, and accordingly renders it—handsomely, as his Lordship's habit is. Immediately it is said by the French newspaper *La Paix*, which is supposed to be the organ of M. Grévy, that "England, proud England, has struck her flag at the summons of M. de Bismarck. The prostration of Lord Granville has made her a satellite, revolving in the Bismarckian orbit." That's good; "satellite" is good; so is "prostration." Then, if you tread on a gentleman's toe and beg his pardon, you grovel at his feet, and your country at once becomes a "satellite" revolving in his orbit.

The Britannia is rather an unlucky ship in the way of epidemics, but not more so than any school on dry land must be, for where a large number of pupils are assembled together, measles, scarlatina, and similar complaints will put in an appearance from time to time. The present outbreak, however, is but slight, and it is hoped that all the cadets will reassemble about the end of the first week in April. By that time, it is probable that Sir Baldwin Wake Walker will be installed as captain; he ought to be the right man in the right place, for he comes of a family which has distinguished itself in the Navy, as well as in other positions, during many generations, and even centuries, from the days of Hereward downwards. Curiously enough, a distant relative, Captain Baldwin Wake, was at the head of a training-ship in Scotch waters some twelve or fifteen years ago, and very pluckily rescued a boy, who had fallen overboard, from drowning. The irony of fate is strange, for he himself ultimately met with a watery grave, being drowned in crossing a river in the Southern States, whither he had emigrated with his family.

The *jeunesse dorée* long since adopted as their own peculiar button-hole flower a gardenia, probably as much on account of its cost as its beauty and fragrance. Supply was forced to meet demand, and now this blossom is amongst the commonest of exotics. There is, however, a new field open for floral extravagance, and we may yet meet one of the genus "masher" wearing a twenty pound adornment in his evening coat. At a sale of orchids in bloom recently, one specimen was knocked down for no less a sum than one hundred and thirty-one pounds, the purchaser being a Chelsea nurseryman. No doubt the flower was of the rarest and he knows his own business, but until the habitués of the stalls at burlesque theatres declare in favour of the new badge, it is difficult to conceive how the florist will make money out of his expensive treasure.

American actors brought to this country the fashion of self-advertisement, and now the epidemic appears to have reached France. Madame Sarah Bernhardt has taken advantage of a harmless mis-statement to obtrude her patriotism, and appeal to the excitable feelings of a very sensitive body, the French mob. It appears that some journal announced that the great tragédienne was about to perform in Berlin. In olden times a simple denial of the statement would have been deemed sufficient, for, after all, the most eminent artists need not mix themselves up with politics or be prevented from charming the inhabitants of an adjacent country because theirs had been at war with it ten years before. But Madame Bernhardt is terribly indignant at the charge, and declares herself "astonished that a French journalist is capable of putting such an insult into print." Hoity, toity! What a storm in a tea-cup! Yet she has been wise, from a business point of view; for since her letter of repudiation, the theatre at which she acts has been nightly filled with an admiring crowd of blue-bloused Parisians, who applaud her for her patriotic letter as well as for her performance in Sardou's "Théodora."

Although Folkestone is a popular and pretty seaside resort, yet it is sadly bare of places of entertainment and exhibitions. Perhaps when visitors go into the country they seek for rest rather than for excitement, and for pure air instead of curiosities. However this may be, there is now a scheme on foot to provide this Kentish watering-place with an art museum, and one most liberal offer has already been made. Mr. Felix Joseph, whose collection of Wedgwood ware is one of the finest in the world, has offered to lend a large portion of his treasures, and has promised in print to make "a permanent gift of certain specimens worthy of acceptance." Mr. Joseph, who was formerly a dealer in works of virtù, is a well-known expert, and what he thinks "worthy of acceptance" by a museum must indeed be valuable. No town should refuse such an offer if there be the slightest chance of the institution being founded and adequately supported.

Many practical English farmers expressed their opinion a couple of years ago that henceforth the only profitable branch of their craft in this country would be dairy farming. And the fact that the average prices of wheat sold in two of the principal markets of Kent during the past week represented a lower figure than has been reached at any time during the last fifty years, seems to show that growing grain does not pay. Having regard to this state of things, Lord Vernon instituted a dairy school on his estate at Sudbury, near Derby, and has now arranged for a course of papers by practical men, to be read periodically on certain evenings in the week. Neighbouring farmers are invited to attend and take part in the discussions, and the railway companies will attach carriages to the late goods-trains for the convenience of visitors living at a distance. This is practical education and no mistake, and Lord Vernon has set an example which wealthy landlords will do well for themselves and their tenants to emulate.

This is a very pathetic world, sometimes. At Plumstead, on the 6th inst., an old man borrowed a horse and cart to get a load of sand from the common. There was a slip of earth on the sandbank, and a report was spread that a boy was buried under the heap. Men set to work, dug the boy out half dead, and sent him to the infirmary, where he was recovered. In the confusion the owner of the horse and cart seems to have taken away the property without inquiring what had become of the borrower, and nobody else thought of inquiring. On the 7th inst. the fallen earth was cleared away, and there lay the old man, dead. Nobody, it seems, made any inquiry about him; nobody, it seems, called him friend or relative; nobody, it seems, even knew his name, for he was known to his neighbours by a nickname only. Such is the story told, and it is full of pathos. "Grant the King a long life" is a reasonable prayer to make; but the poor man might more reasonably pray to die before old age comes upon him, his last friend has left him, and his very name is a mere nickname, bestowed perhaps in mockery.

MUSIC.

THE CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

Mr. Rosa's prospectus, just issued, announces (as we have previously stated) the opening of his new London season, to take place on Easter Monday at Drury-Lane Theatre, the performances extending over a period of eight weeks. The comparatively early time of commencement (half-past seven) will be welcome to the many who object to being kept up until past midnight, as at the fashionable opera establishments; and the non-restriction as to evening dress will also be widely approved. Another good arrangement is the issue of subscription tickets—each for twenty-four performances—in two sets, one for Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the other for Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—a discount of 10 per cent being allowed off the advertised prices.

The production of "Nadeshda," the new opera on a Russian subject, composed by Mr. Goring Thomas, will be an important event. This, like the same gentleman's "Esmeralda" successfully brought out at Drury-Lane Theatre in 1883, was commissioned specially by Mr. Carl Rosa. English versions of M. Massenet's "Manon" and Signor Boito's "Mefistofele" will be given for the first time in London; and various popular and classical operas will be repeated.

The list of artists contains many well-known names, including those of Madame Marie Roze, Madame Valleria, and Mr. Maas. An efficient orchestra and chorus are engaged; and the conductors will be as before—Mr. Raudagger and Mr. E. Goossens. All seems to promise well for a successful eight weeks' season.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert brought forward an overture by Mr. T. Wingham (his fifth work of the kind), originally composed for the Brighton Festival of 1879. It is written in illustration of a motto from Tennyson, and has been reconstructed by the composer since its first production. It is a bright piece of orchestral writing, and was well received. Madame Agnes Miller made a favourable impression at Saturday's concert by her performance of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor and unaccompanied solo pieces; and vocal music was contributed by Madame Sophie Löwe, Miss A. Sherwin, and Miss L. Little.

The Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre are still continuing their attractions. The conductorship has recently been transferred to M. Rivière, who is favourably remembered as having acted in the same capacity at similar performances at Covent Garden Theatre. Those now going on at the Haymarket opera-house have just been placed under the general as well as the musical management of M. Rivière. Special features in the programme are the bright vocalisation of Miss A. Sherwin and the skilful performances, on the saxophone, of a gentleman named Loft Ally.

The first of the two Soirées Artistiques given by Mr. Isidore De Lara and M. Henri Logé, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, took place last week, and included performances by each of the concert-givers. Mr. De Lara sang, with good effect, his own cycle of songs, "To the Palms" (a setting of lines by Lord Lytton), and other pieces; and M. Logé displayed his skill in several pianoforte performances, including works of his own. Some of this gentleman's effective vocal music also entered into the programme. The singing of Madame Hirlemont and Miss Ehrenberg elicited much applause during the evening. Mr. Gompertz, as violinist, and Mr. Levetus, as one of the vocalists, also appeared.

The second of the American concerts, under the direction of Mr. L. Melbourne, took place at Prince's Hall on Monday evening, when a selection of music, partly national, was very effectively rendered by several artists, most of whom are from America.

The Heckmann string quartet party gave their third and last performance of the series of Herr Franke's concerts at Prince's Hall, on Tuesday evening. We have already spoken of the admirable playing of Herr R. Heckmann (the leading violinist) and his coadjutors, Herren O. Forberg, T. Allekotte, and R. Bellmann. These were again manifested in Tuesday's programme, which consisted entirely of Beethoven's music, and comprised the string quartets in C (Op. 59, No. 3) and in C sharp minor (Op. 131). Frau Heckmann played the variations in C minor, for pianoforte solo, with good effect, and she and her husband were associated in an artistic rendering of the Kreutzer sonata.

Mr. Mackenzie's oratorio "The Rose of Sharon" was announced for performance by Mr. Macnaught's choir, at the Bow and Bromley Institute, on Tuesday last. The soloists named were Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Watkin Mills.

Madame Adelina Hirlemann gave a concert on Tuesday morning at Metzler and Co.'s concert-rooms.

The Stock Exchange Orchestral Society gave a concert at the St. Andrew's Hall, Newman-street, Oxford-street, last week, in aid of the funds of the Stock Exchange Clerks' Provident Fund. A high-class selection of music was played, with good effect, by a band numbering some sixty or seventy performers. The performances included vocal pieces rendered by Miss Clara Samuell and Mr. Barrington Foote, and a solo for the violin by Mr. H. Sternberg. Mr. G. Kitchin acted as honorary conductor.

Gounod's "Redemption" was given by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on Wednesday evening, conducted by Mr. Barnby—the artists announced being Madame Valleria, Miss Bertha Moore, Madame Patey, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Watkin Mills, and Mr. Santley; Dr. Stainer presiding at the organ.—Next Tuesday evening an Irish Festival will be given at this hall by Mr. William Carter.

The new comic opera by Mr. W. S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan is to be produced at the Savoy Theatre this (Saturday) evening. The book is founded on a Japanese subject, and the stage accessories are to be of lavish splendour. The combination of the author's literary skill and humour with the musical genius of Sir A. Sullivan will doubtless result in another great success, similar to that which has attended their previous joint productions.

The Guildhall School of Music announces an orchestral and vocal concert, to take place at the Mansion House this (Saturday) afternoon, under the direction of the Principal, Mr. Weist Hill, and under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs.

The announcement of performances of French opéra-comique, to be given at the Gaiety Theatre by a company selected from the Paris and Brussels opera establishments, will be welcome to all who can discriminate between the charm of that refined form of dramatic music and the coarseness and flippancy of much of the so-called "opéra-comique"—in reality opéra-bouffe (burlesque). M. Delibé's "Lakmé," Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon," and Gounod's "Mireille" are to be given, with the principal character sustained by Mdlle. Vanzaud, who appeared as the heroine in "Lakmé" on its first production in Paris, in 1883. The Gaiety operatic performances will begin on June 6 with "Lakmé," and will alternate with those of French plays.

Of the production of Mr. Gustav Ernest's prize overture, at the second Philharmonic concert of the season (on Thursday evening), we must speak next week.

Mr. J. H. Bonawitz's opera "Irma" will be produced at St. George's Hall next Tuesday evening.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis will give, next Wednesday afternoon, at Prince's Hall, the fifth and last of the second series of her renderings of Beethoven's works.

After inquiry into the matter, the Music Committee of the London Corporation has recommended that new premises for the Guildhall School of Music should be built on the Victoria Embankment, at a cost of £20,000.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Masks and Faces," that capital comedy by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, alternately witty and pathetic—an excellent example, in fact, of what dramatic dialogue should be—is likely to prove a happy revival at the Haymarket. As years go on, the play is freed from the fetters of tradition, and is allowed to be reinforced by new blood and intelligence. When it was first revived at the little Prince of Wales's Theatre, it would have been heresy to own that as long as the world endured there would ever be a Triplet but Benjamin Webster, ever a Peg Woffington better than Mrs. Stirling. There were some of us in those days who had the courage to declare that Mr. Bancroft's Triplet was a delightful personation—gentle, tender, human, and consistent; but we were laughed at for our pains. There were some of us, also, who pronounced in favour of Mrs. Bancroft's Peg, a character that runs over the whole of the keys of comedy in its widest sense; but our heresy was received with looks of pity. Again, when the play was revived at the Haymarket Theatre, and both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft became firmer in their seats, it was once more urged, what a delightful Triplet and what a clever Peg could be found even in the new school. But it was whistling to the winds to try and convince the old playgoer. But now that "Masks and Faces" is revived for the third time, round goes the vane of the weathercock opinion, and people are talking of Mr. Bancroft's Triplet and of Mrs. Bancroft's Mistress Woffington as if nobody had ever seen them before, or, what is more to the point, praised them. As an excuse, it is urged that neither actor nor actress ever acted so well before. It may be so; and we cannot complain if an actor hitherto associated with heavy swells can send a blasé 1885 audience into tears, and if an actress of the same period can make them cry again after their first fit of weeping. There is just sufficient sentiment in this play, and not too much; and both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft are wilfully showing how well they can act, in order to aggravate our disappointment when they really do give up management. To give up acting will not be permitted them, whatever they may think to the contrary. They are not the first artists who have been called out from their retirement with a shout so loud that it cannot be resisted. Next to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft in artistic excellence, I should be inclined to place Mr. Forbes Robertson as Sir Charles Pomander, and Mr. Barrymore as Ernest Vane. The first is a showy costume part; the last is an extremely difficult one to enact with any credit. There is a great deal of character in Mr. Robertson's Pomander, and welcome earnestness in Mr. Barrymore's personation of the love-struck squire. The majority of the minor characters are spoiled by an excess of colour. It is laid on with a very thick brush by Mr. Brookfield as Colley Cibber, and by Mr. Kemble as Snarl; but possibly it is a fault in the right direction. It would be a great pity, however, if the harmony of modern comedy acting were spoiled by this desire to shine, which eventually ends in over accentuation. It was not so when Mr. Fred Younge and Mr. Hare played minor characters in Mr. Robertson's comedies. If the Sergeant in "Ours," or Lord Ptarmigan in "Society," had gone beyond the line that marks perfect consistency and finish, what would have become of these celebrated comedies. But to atone for this venial fault, we have a clever and painstaking Mabel Vane in Miss Calhoun, and a promising actress in Miss Maud Williamson, who plays Kitty Clive. The mounting of the old play is beautiful in the extreme, and makes one long to have lived in London in the days of David Garrick. What a comfortable, courteous, and homely age it seems to have been—an age of tapestry, easy-chairs, old port, and well-roasted haunches of venison! Even cross-grained old Quin melted before the prospect of clever society and an honest dinner.

There was a little play produced at a Gaiety matinée last week called "A Fair Sinner," by Mr. Appleton (business manager for the vigorous and graceful lecturer, Miss Young), that should have interested the managers who are on the look-out for rising actors and actresses. Of the play itself, not very much, I fear, can be said, though I very much doubt if the author intended to convey the impression he did. A young lady who marries against her will to save her father from disgrace has been known before now to keep a very warm place in her heart for the man she loved from childhood, and was unable to marry; and it is not wholly unnatural that she should express some secret vexation when she sees the man, to whom she was originally engaged, betrothed to her best friend, and so cut off from her for ever. But these are secret motives to be kept hidden in real life, and are only serviceable for the analytical novelist—which, by-the-by, Mr. Appleton has the reputation of being. In a play they look coarse and crude, and the heroine of "A Fair Sinner," though possible in real life, and interesting in a novel, becomes on the stage unfeminine, and, as some may very properly think, immodest when she presses her affection on a man who is honourably anxious not to compromise her. But in Miss Minnie Bell, who plays the aforesaid "fair sinner," we have an actress of considerable intelligence and remarkable promise. She belongs to the school of nature. She gets under the character she represents. Her manner is bright and engaging, her comedy is finished in every detail, and, had she not been suffering with a very severe cold, I should say that her pathos would ring true, and from the heart. A Miss Benedict, a relative of the veteran composer, made also a very satisfactory début on this occasion, and promises to be a pretty and engaging actress; and so well has Miss Alexis Leighton acted in every character she has undertaken in London that it is astonishing she is seen so little on the stage. At the present moment, there is evidently no dearth of competent actresses. For absolute genius, every age has to wait. Mr. Giddens is, of course, one of the best comedians on the modern stage; but both Mr. J. A. Rosier and Mr. Macdonald are far better actors than one often meets at established theatres and in most London companies.

Easter promises to be a very busy time this year; for, in addition to the melodrama of the realistic school by Mr. G. R. Sims at the Adelphi, we are to have a new funny play by Mr. Pinero at the Court, and a welcome revival of "The Queen's Shilling" and "A Quiet Rubber" at the St. James's, showing both Mr. W. H. Kendal and Mr. John Hare to the very best advantage.

C. S.

Mr. Charles Bertram, who has been "commanded" six times before the Prince and Princess of Wales, announces a season of magic and conjuring at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, commencing on Monday next.

THE MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.

SECOND NOTICE.

No incident of the magazine literature of the month will be more acceptable to the reading public than Mrs. Ritchie's (Miss Thackeray's) return to the walks of fiction in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Her hand has lost none of its delicate cunning in "Mrs. Dymond." Pretty are the scenes in London, where the treasures of the National Gallery are displayed to the young bride by her somewhat elderly husband; pretty the pictures of fishing and boating in the country; while there is a background of sinister suggestiveness and preparation for possibly tragic issues. As Mrs. Dymond makes her *entrée*, the "Millionaire's Cousin" withdraws with some abruptness, but with due regard to poetical justice. The long-suffering millionaire is rewarded by the hand of the lady of his affections, and the priggish narrator is left out in the cold. With the exception of an elaborate review of Parkman's history of Wolfe's conquest of Canada, the other contributions are much slighter and shorter than usual, and wear the appearance of having accumulated for a considerable time. The most important is Mr. G. P. Macdonell's review of Blackstone's character as a jurist and legislator. Mr. Morley's monthly summary of the political situation is as abe as usual, and distinguished by an unwonted impartiality and patriotic feeling.

Mr. Black's "White Heather," in *Longman's Magazine*, displays his usual mastery over Highland scenery and character. Some of the little descriptive passages are perfect cabinet pictures. "Little Joe Gander," by Mrs. Baring-Gould, is an affecting tale of the suffering of youthful genius at the hands of people not ill-meaning, but coarse of mind and hard of heart. There is an interesting sketch of the life and death of a gifted but an unequal actor, G. V. Brooke. "Hoisting the Union Jack in New Guinea," gives much curious information respecting the manners and customs of our new subjects or protégés in that island.

The memoirs of George Eliot will hardly elicit any more adequate notice than Lord Acton's in the *Nineteenth Century*, a performance exhibiting erudition only comparable to Macaulay's, but supported without Macaulay's visible effort, and a style not indeed very highly finished but, in allusive suggestiveness, recalling Cardinal Newman or Mark Pattison's, while the writer's breadth of view and impartiality are worthy of George Eliot herself. We may and do differ from Lord Acton in some particular views, but recognise in him a width of sympathy and elevation of spirit which utterly refuse to be cramped by formulas like George Eliot's other critics, Mr. Hutton and Mr. Harrison. Another most important contribution is General Hamley's essay on the Volunteers, showing what tremendous power is wanted for want of what would be to this country a very small sum of money. Sir W. H. Gregory, who lately had the honour of being Arabi Pasha's keeper, thinks his captive would be the right sort of man to negotiate with the Mahdi and show England the way out of Egypt. The Earl of Darnley discusses Mr. Salt's criticisms on the management of Eton with general approval. It might not be amiss for those directly interested in the subject to refer back to a similar discussion in or about 1832, and inquire how far the abuses then denounced remain uncorrected. Prince Kropotkin gives an interesting account of the revival of national sentiment in Finland; but the advice he offers the Finns might have been thought to have proceeded from a Russian police agent, seeking a pretext for suspending the Finnish Constitution.

Once a Month, an Australian magazine, has the merit of savouring of the soil. Everything is really indigenous, from an interesting sketch of the Premier of New South Wales to a description of Christmas in the bush and a rough, hearty ballad on sheep-shearing.

The fictions in *Temple Bar* are less interesting than usual this month; and the magazine chiefly relies on two papers which appeal more than is quite seemly to the sentiment of mere curiosity about notabilities. The late eccentric Duke of Brunswick may be regarded as public property; but Adelina Patti has not forfeited all claim to privacy.

"Babylon," in *Belgravia*, fully maintains "Cecil Power's" character for brightness and cleverness. The marine painting in Mr. Clark Russell's tale of the sea is excellent, but the story itself is not interesting. "The Elixir of Death" is a tale of the terrible, greatly overdone. "Outwitted" is a pretty little Italian story.

Miss O'Hanlon's story in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "The Unforeseen," promises to prove a powerful novel. The best of the other contributions are biographical—a very fair review of George Eliot's life and work, by Mr. Fox Bourne, and a remarkably interesting lecture on the late Sir William Siemens, by Mr. W. L. Carpenter.

Time has a very full and suggestive notice, by Mr. William Sharpe, of Pater's "Marius, the Epicurean," one of those romances, like "John Inglesant," in which the writer has embodied the results of years of study and meditation. The curate must be dauntless indeed for whom the ideal propounded in "The Clergy as Pioneers of Culture" has no terrors.

The *Red Dragon* has, as usual, papers of special interest to the Principality, including a notice of the Welsh poetess, Katherine Phillips; and an account of the burlesque French invasion of Pembrokeshire in the Revolutionary War. *Aunt Judy* is remarkable for a contribution by Mr. Anstey.

The principal serials of the enterprising firm of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co., besides *The Magazine of Art* (briefly noticed in our last Issue), are—Cassell's Magazine, The Quiver, Cassell's Saturday Journal, Greater London, Royal Shakespeare, Familiar Wild Flowers, Book of Health, Old and New London, Illustrated Universal History, Popular Gardening, Picturesque Europe, Picturesque America, the Life and Words of Christ, by the Rev. Cunningham Geikie; Little Folks' Magazine, Cassell's Popular Educator, and the first part of *Our Own Country*.

Among Fashion Books received are—*Le Follet*, *The Season*, *Ladies' Treasury*, *Ladies' Gazette of Fashion*, *World of Fashion*, *Moniteur de la Mode*, and *Myra's Journal of Dress and Fashion*.

We have further to acknowledge the Scottish *Geographical Magazine*, *London Society*, *The Argosy*, *The Month*, *Good Words*, *The Army and Navy Magazine*, *Household Words*, *Eastward Ho!* *The Antiquarian*, *Chambers's Journal*, *All the Year Round*, *Merry England*, *Irish Monthly*, *Leisure Hour*, *Book Lore*, *United Service Magazine*, *Forbes's Sporting Notes and Sketches*, *The Theatre*, *St. Nicholas* and *Harper's Young People* (both charming magazines for boys and girls), *the Illustrated Science Monthly*, *Technical Journal*, *Baptist Magazine*, and *the Rosebud*.

In proposing the re-election of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of English Freemasons, Mr. F. H. Goldney stated that during the eleven years his Royal Highness had been at their head the English Freemasons had subscribed more than £350,000 to the three Masonic Charitable Institutions alone.



THE BLENHEIM RAPHAEL, PURCHASED FROM THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



DRAWN BY F. BARNARD.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked, fixing a pair of angry black eyes upon Adrian's face.

ADRIAN VIDAL.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE, DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN AWKWARD ENCOUNTER.

To be the author of a novel which for a few months is in everybody's hands is, after all, no great matter. Very many persons have accomplished that much and have continued in a state of social obscurity from which it has occurred to nobody to drag them. But Adrian Vidal, having certain special circumstances in his favour, neither desired nor was suffered to remain obscure. When the east winds of spring were blowing clouds of smoke from the city and of dust along Piccadilly; when the black trees in the London squares were beginning to show touches of green here and there; and when people who had daughters to present were coming up for the first Drawing-rooms of the season, this fortunate young writer found himself so much in request that he could hardly have been made more of if he had been a successful general or a popular actor. He assured Clare, laughingly, that he never before had any conception of the number of people that there were in London, or of the quantity of entertainments that they gave. He did not weary of dinners and compliments, and it must be owned that he could swallow a large share of both without risk of indigestion. The stereotyped phrases; the smiling countenances which were so curiously like one another; the letters from unknown correspondents, which probably every novelist receives, and which begin with, "Dear Sir,—Although personally a stranger to you, I cannot resist," &c.; all these things were a delight to him. He estimated them neither above nor below their proper value, but took them for just what they were worth—evidences that he had given pleasure to a certain number of his fellow-creatures; that he had amused, and had not bored them. And that, when all has

been said upon the subject that can be said, remains the chief aim of fiction. Vidal was satisfied with his attainment of it. He felt that he owed a debt of gratitude to a world which had brought him so much happiness and which he so sincerely loved. To have partly discharged that debt by the exercise of the humble talents with which the gods had gifted him was surely something. And being in this mood of universal benevolence, it was only in the nature of things that he should find his good-will reflected back upon him; so that, for the time being, he wended his way along a flowery path, thinking no evil and fearing none.

But, alas! What is one man's meat is another man's poison, and the bricks and mortar which are so dear to some of us are mere prison walls to others. In the full swing of excitements that to her were no longer exciting, in the heated, scented atmosphere of ball-rooms, and amid the ceaseless chatter of tongues and clatter of knives and forks, Clare was pining for the Cornish moors, and for a breath of the pure salt air that sweeps over them from the Atlantic. Trite modes of speech did not come to her easily; she had not acquired the art of conversation as it is understood by those who have few interests in common; glad as she was that her husband should be appreciated, the perpetual eulogy of his work ended by palling upon her. Thus, although Mrs. Vidal's beauty was undeniable, it was pretty generally agreed that there was not much in her. That, under these circumstances, she should have been a good deal left to herself was not surprising, and gave her little concern. What did cause her something like an incipient heartache was the fear which she could not always stifle, that Adrian was slowly but surely drifting away from her. To all outward appearance, he was as fond of her as he had ever been; she had nothing to complain of in the way of

words or looks. But had not that subtle inward change already set in?—that change which none can welcome and none resist—the change from the love of the lover to the love of the husband. She was afraid of it; she did not know how to arrest it; she grudged the long hours spent away from home, and the solitude *à deux* which he seemed to regret so little.

One evening she was at a crowded party, looking pale and languid, and longing for Adrian to give her his customary signal to retreat, when, among the strange faces that surrounded her, there suddenly appeared one which brought a faint tinge of colour into her own. She had not seen Mr. Wilbraham since he had parted from her on the quay at Lucerne; her final rejection of his offer had been conveyed by post, and had elicited only a brief reply, in which the writer had expressed himself with something of the formality of one who suspects that he has been supplanted. With that he had passed out of her thoughts and, as she supposed, out of her life for ever. But now here he was standing before her, and for a moment she hesitated whether to greet him or not. It was only for a moment. Reflecting that this might probably be but the first of many such encounters, and that it would be very stupid to create an awkwardness at the outset, she advanced a step or two, holding out her hand and saying: "How do you do, Mr. Wilbraham? I am so glad to meet you again."

Wilbraham started, and looked at her fixedly. He was a tall well-built man with a healthy red-brown complexion, and did not bear the appearance of being consumed by a hopeless passion. "I don't know that I am glad," he answered, gravely.

However, he took her hand, and then, as she retreated towards the sofa from which she had just risen, he followed her and seated himself in the vacant place by her side. There

was an uncomfortable pause of a few seconds; after which Wilbraham said: "I didn't mean to be rude, Mrs. Vidal; but if I was, perhaps you will forgive me. Some people can suffer in silence: I can't. So after this I shan't often speak to you, and you will understand why."

Clare began to wish that she had contented herself with bowing to her former admirer. "I was very sorry," she murmured, not knowing well what to say.

"Oh, you couldn't help it. It was my misfortune, but nobody's fault. We won't talk about that. They are making a lion of your husband, I hear."

"Almost too much of a lion," answered Clare, with a laugh and a sigh. "I don't care for such constant racketing about; although of course I am glad to think that his book has succeeded beyond our utmost hopes. Have you read it?"

"Yes; I read it," replied Wilbraham, with a certain hesitation. His manner said so clearly, "And I didn't like it," that Clara rather indignantly asked, "Why didn't you like it?"

"I did—in a way. I thought it a capital story, and very well written—only I wish he hadn't put you into it."

"Put me into it? I don't understand you," said Clare.

Wilbraham stared. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't recognise yourself in the heroine? Why, it is you to the life!"

"I am sure you are mistaken," answered Clare. "The heroine is a thousand times too good for me, and I don't think it would ever have struck Adrian to take me as his model. But if he had, I should have been very much flattered. It would have been a great compliment."

"Ah, well; perhaps so," said Wilbraham. "I am prejudiced, I suppose; but to me there is something unpleasant in the idea of setting up a picture of your wife for the public to gape at. That is the worst of authors and artists. They lead a sort of double life, and in most cases, I think, the public half of it engrosses them more than the private. Everything that they see and hear, and everything that happens to them, is so much material to be worked up for future sale. I doubt whether their wives are often happy women."

Clare was ready to pardon a good deal in Mr. Wilbraham, to whom she was conscious that she had not behaved over and above well; but this speech seemed to her to border upon impertinence, and it was with an air of cold surprise that she answered, "I assure you I am perfectly happy."

It was on the tip of her companion's tongue to retort, "You don't look so," but he forbore. All that he said, after a short interval of silence, was: "You see, Mrs. Vidal, it doesn't do for me to talk to you. I can't keep my lips from evil-speaking. If I were magnanimous, I should congratulate you and say something pretty about your husband; but I suppose I am not magnanimous. Honestly, I don't like your husband; though I don't know him. And I don't want to know him."

It was at this opportune juncture that Vidal approached the sofa upon which his wife was seated. He had recognised, not without some inward amusement, the broad shoulders which he had first seen from the window of his bed-room at Lucerne, and which had caused him to pass a bad five minutes there. He was glad to see that no ill-feeling existed between Clare and her rejected suitor; and so far was he from suspecting that gentleman's uncompromising hostility to himself that he had strolled up for the express purpose of obtaining an introduction to him.

After what Wilbraham had said, Clare was not very willing to perform this ceremony; but when the two men were standing side by side she could hardly help making them known to one another, and she did so accordingly. Adrian bowed and half held out his hand, but withdrew it on perceiving that the other made no corresponding motion. He did not, however, imagine that Wilbraham intended to be unfriendly.

"We have met before," he said, pleasantly, "though only for a moment. You were at Lucerne last year, you know, and so was I; but I think you didn't stay more than one night."

"I heard afterwards that you had been there," answered Mr. Wilbraham, stiffly; "I didn't see you at the time. I think I must be moving on now, Mrs. Vidal; it's getting late. Good-night." He shook hands with Clare, favoured her husband with a nod and a grunt, and made his way towards the door.

"Your friend may have many sterling qualities, but his manners are not prepossessing," remarked Adrian, with a laugh, when he and his wife were at home again.

Clare was lying back in a low arm-chair, her cheek supported by her hand. She glanced up, half apprehensively, at her husband, who was refreshing himself with a cooling drink after the fatigues of the evening. "He was rather grumpy," she said; "but you know, dear, you couldn't expect him to take very kindly to you just at first, could you?"

Vidal threw up his eyes and his hands. "Oh, the vanity of these women! Do you suppose, madam, that that pale and hearty Philistine is pining away because you wouldn't marry him? Do you think, pray, that after this long interval of time, he is still in love with you?"

"I know he is," replied Clare quietly, "because he told me so."

"He did, did he? Upon my word, you are a nice young woman! May I ask whether this is the sort of discourse that you are in the habit of listening to when you retire so modestly into the background at evening parties? One more illusion gone! I shall never believe in the pristine innocence of Cornwall again."

"Oh, Adrian!" exclaimed Clare, in a low voice.

Her face was shaded by her hand. He stooped down, laughing, to look at it and saw, to his amazement, that her lips were quivering, and that two big tears were ready to fall from her eyelashes. "Why, my dear child," he cried, "what is the matter? You can't think that I meant anything more than the most harmless of small jokes! As if I wouldn't trust you with a thousand Wilbrahams! Good Heavens! Clare, what absurd notion have you got into your head?"

He was sorry that he should unwittingly have distressed her: but he was also just a little bit provoked. To the male mind nothing is more incomprehensible than those sudden, causeless bursts of emotion in which women find relief for feelings of which we have no experience. A man doesn't, as a rule, shed tears unless he has something to cry about.

Clare made no reply, but when her husband bent over her and kissed her on the forehead, she placed her hands upon his shoulders and forced him gently down on to a footstool beside her. Then she threw her arms round his neck and began to weep hysterically. "It's very silly, I know," she sobbed out; "but I can't help it—I am so tired! Adrian, I want to ask you something—it was something Mr. Wilbraham said—and I am sure he didn't think it would hurt me—but he was talking about your book, and he said—he said the heroine was like me."

Adrian could not help laughing a little. "I am afraid I must plead guilty to having occasionally thought the same thing myself," he answered. "My heroine was intended to be as near perfection as possible, and I suppose that is why I have

sometimes compared her to you in my mind. Was that an offence?"

"Oh, no; only he said—and I remember having heard that before—that authors live as much in their books as in real life; and perhaps—perhaps in the long run they get to care about the books most. The people in the books don't worry them; they don't make fools of themselves, and cry about nothing; when they are bores they can be put away on the shelf"—Clare broke off, straightened herself a little in her chair, and looked into her husband's face. "I don't want to lose you!" she exclaimed, piteously.

Well, certainly this was rather ridiculous. If your wife is to begin being jealous of fictitious personages, where is she likely to stop? "Really, Clare," remonstrated Adrian, "you are not reasonable. What do you wish me to do? To give up writing novels altogether?"

"No, no!" she answered, drying her eyes; "of course not. I know I am not reasonable, and I can't say what I wish. Don't mind me."

"Come!" said Adrian; "there is something more than this upon your mind, only you won't speak it out, because you are a little goose." He put his arm round her and drew her head down upon his shoulder. "Tell me all about it," he whispered.

But Clare could not tell him all about it just at once. It was only by degrees and with some incoherence that she confessed her various troubles—her wish that they could be more together, her dread of the allurements of society, and so forth. "Sometimes horrid thoughts come into my mind," she murmured, "and I can't drive them away. You know so much more of the world than I do; and—and what your mother said at Brighton!"

"What did my mother say?" interrupted Adrian, with a shade of sternness in his voice.

"Nothing that I ought to have given a second thought to. It was only about your having had some flirtations before you were married. I suppose all men have flirtations. But she said that, as it happened so often, it was sure to happen again."

The young man rose to his feet, and took a turn or two up and down the room. He was thinking how thankful he ought to be to Heaven for having given him so amiable and considerate a mother. It also occurred to him that a little more trust on the part of his wife would not have been amiss. "Clare," he said, gently, at length, "don't you think it will be time enough to distress yourself and me when I have given you some cause to do so?"

The justice of this plea was not to be denied. Clare admitted herself in the wrong, and begged forgiveness. "Please, Adrian, don't think any more about what I said," she entreated. "I will never do it again, if I can help it. I shouldn't have done it now, if I had been myself; but I am not well."

In truth, she was not well; and there were reasons for this with which Adrian was acquainted—reasons which were doubtless sufficient to account for a little fancifulness and also to render over-fatigue an undesirable thing for the patient. After that evening, Mrs. Vidal went no more into society, the doctor having advised fresh air and early hours. Adrian offered to refuse all invitations for the future; but perhaps he was not very sorry that his wife would not hear of his making such a sacrifice.

"It wouldn't be a sacrifice," he said; "but I am not sure that I should be quite wise to let myself be forgotten. These people are my public, you see, and I want to stand well with them. Great novelists—men who appeal to the passions and emotions that are common to all humanity—can afford to snap their fingers at the fashionable world. They are always sure of a hearing. But it isn't so with me; or at any rate, if it has been so in the case of one novel, it is not likely to be so again. I can't hope to be found permanently interesting outside a certain circle; and within the limits of that circle I shall be ten times more read if I go about and show myself than I should be if I were never seen."

Fortified by this reasoning, in which it must be admitted that there was a germ of truth, Mr. Vidal continued to be a welcome guest at the houses of the rich and great, and his wife did not vex him with any repetition of the painful and uncalled-for scene which has just been described. In the afternoons he generally took her out for a walk or a drive; in the mornings he worked hard, and often, when he came in late at night, he would sit up for an hour or two, correcting and revising what he had written. He had composed his article for the first number of the *Anglo-Saxon*, which was just about to appear, and had been blandly congratulated upon it by the editor of that journal. The hurry and stress of his life, which to many men would have been simply unendurable, suited him exactly. He thrived under it both in health and spirits; he would have not have changed places with the most wealthy of his entertainers; in short, he was at this time so perfectly prosperous and happy that, if he had been of a superstitious turn, he might have feared that some misfortune was in store for him.

By way of proof that the lot of no mortal is wholly exempt from care, a rather disagreeable thing happened to him, late one afternoon as he was leaving his club. Someone who had seen him enter that establishment a quarter of an hour before, and had loitered patiently up and down Pall-mall until he came out again, followed him as he hurried towards the St. James's Park station of the underground railway, by which he was in the habit of returning homewards, and caught him up just after he had passed Marlborough House. She was a handsome stoutish woman, with large black eyes and a fresh complexion. Her appearance was hardly that of a lady, although at a first glance she might almost have passed as one, for she was well and quietly dressed, and only certain deficiencies about the extremities would have betrayed her to one of her own sex. Her voice, too, when she addressed the object of her pursuit, was the voice of an educated person, harsh though it sounded at that particular moment.

"I've a word or two to say to you," was her greeting, uttered somewhat imperiously, and she accompanied it by a smart tap upon Adrian's arm which caused him to start and wheel round at once.

"Susan!" he exclaimed; and his tone expressed more astonishment than delight.

"Susan it is," replied the woman with the black eyes. "Susan Bowman, at your service, Mr. Adrian Vidal."

"Still Susan Bowman?" he asked, endeavouring to speak pleasantly.

"Still Susan Bowman, and likely to remain so—thanks to you."

Vidal stroked his moustache and looked furtively up and down the Mall. He perceived that this interview was going to be a stormy one, and he had no wish to be accosted by any of his acquaintances while it lasted. "I am rather in a hurry," he remarked; "still, if you really have anything particular to say to me, Susan."

Susan nodded her head emphatically to signify that she had.

"Well, then, we may as well go into the Park and sit down. We can't talk very comfortably here."

"As you please," returned the other. "I'm not ashamed to be seen by anybody; but I dare say you are. You've reason enough to feel ashamed of yourself, any way."

Vidal did not defend himself against this accusation. He led the way silently into St. James's Park, sought out as sequestered a bench as could be found there, and when his companion was seated beside him, took up a conciliatory tone.

"Now, Susan, I hope there is no reason why you and I should not talk together for a few minutes without quarrelling. I am sorry you think that I ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Don't you think so?" interrupted the woman, quietly.

"Yes," answered Adrian, after a moment of consideration. "One ought always to be ashamed of having been a fool, and I certainly made a great fool of myself about you. But I suppose that is not what you mean."

"Not exactly. What I mean is that, if you had any shame in you, you would be ashamed of having ruined a poor girl who trusted you too well."

"That is nonsense," returned Adrian, rather sharply, "and you know it. What is the use of saying such things?"

"Did you swear to me, over and over again, that you loved me?" demanded the woman.

"Yes; I'm afraid I did," answered Adrian, with a retrospective shudder which he would have done more wisely to repress.

"Did you promise to marry me?"

"Oh, yes."

"And did you go back from your word and desert me?"

"I admit it all, Susan; I have never denied it. But that is not what is generally meant by ruining a girl."

"Isn't it, indeed?" retorted Susan, with a short laugh. "In my rank of life, we think ourselves pretty well ruined when our character is taken away; and your mother turned me out of doors without a character. That was nothing to you, of course. You got rid of me, and it wasn't worth while to inquire whether I starved, or what became of me. A lady's maid who is silly enough to believe in the honour of a gentleman deserves all that she gets. Isn't that so?"

Adrian's conscience smote him. He knew that this woman had been nothing but a schemer, and that he, when a raw lad, had only been saved from becoming her dupe by Heriot's intervention. To say that he had deceived and deserted her was so misleading a statement of the truth as to be virtually false; but it was quite true that he had never troubled himself to ask or think about what her fate was likely to be, after she had been removed from his path; and this, now that he came to reflect upon it, did not seem to have been altogether creditable conduct.

"Well, you know, Susan," he said, "I acted as I was advised to act. It was thought better that I should break off all communication with you. I never supposed that my mother had refused to give you a character."

"I dare say she'd have told you, if you'd asked her," observed Susan, curtly. "As for acting as you were advised, I wouldn't boast of that, if I were you. Why didn't you take advice before you made love to me?"

Now, it was undoubtedly Susan who had initiated the love-making; but Adrian did not care to urge this or other pleas that might have been brought forward in his defence. "Let it be agreed that I behaved ill about the whole business," he said, a little impatiently. "I presume you haven't sought me out after all these years to reproach me with what is done and can't be undone. It would be more to the purpose to tell me whether I can be of any assistance to you in the present."

"Oh, I'm not in want of five shillings, thank you," answered Susan, with a harsh laugh. "I've supported myself up to now without your help, and I shouldn't wonder if I managed to go on. All these years, indeed!—do you know what I've been doing all these years? Why, I've been educating myself to be fit to be your wife. Yes, I didn't give up hope; because, you see, I didn't know that your word counted for nothing. When we parted, you were too young to fight against your mother and your friends—Mr. Heriot showed me that plainly enough. I don't bear any malice against him; he treated me fairly, and helped me with money out of his own pocket; and it wasn't to be expected that he should wish you to marry a lady's maid. But I thought to myself that things would be different some day. I've always been a little above the class that I was born into, and I knew that by the time you were able to think about marrying, I could make myself into as good a lady as any of them. And so—What are you laughing at?" she asked, interrupting herself, and fixing a pair of angry black eyes upon Adrian's face.

"I was not laughing," he said.

"You lie!" shouted the woman, with a sudden outbreak of ferocity. "I saw you laugh."

For a moment she looked very much as if she might be about to produce a knife or a revolver; but this mood left her as abruptly as it had come, and she went on in her former ironical tone: "Well, it was a curious notion for such a low-born creature to delude herself with; but I have been taken for a lady before now, all the same. I was in a situation as nursery-governess not so long ago."

"How on earth did you contrive that?" asked Adrian.

"Never you mind; that doesn't concern you. I didn't keep the situation long; but I gave it up of my own free will, and I'm a lady's maid again now, because I prefer it. I've had my ups and downs, and more than once I've been nearer the workhouse than I liked; but I kept a good heart through it all, till I heard of your marriage." She paused a moment, and then added in a lower voice: "I heard it too late, or I'd have stopped it."

"It is absurd to talk like that," said Adrian. "You must know perfectly well that you couldn't have stopped it."

"Couldn't I? I should have tried, anyhow. You sit there, with your nose in the air, looking at me as if I were a beggar; but you can't have forgotten what we were to each other once. Do you remember holding me in your arms and kissing me and calling me your darling? Do you remember swearing that you would stick to me through thick and thin? Do you remember that?"

Well, he did remember it; and a most unpleasant recollection it was. He stole a glance at the handsome face beside him, which had once been more youthful, but which must always have been coarse, and the sense of shame and self-disgust which made him tingle all over was not of the kind that Susan desired to arouse in him. How Adrian, who was fastidious and refined in his tastes, had ever fallen in love with this dreadful person is one of those mysteries of human nature into which there is no occasion to pry too closely; but he had been in love with her, and he could not help being angry with her for reminding him of the fact in so very plain-spoken a way.

"I don't want to talk about that time," he said. "I was young and foolish then, and I did a great many things that I had better have left undone. Fortunately for both you and me, I was prevented from carrying my folly to the pitch of insanity. You can hardly imagine that we should have been happy as husband and wife?"

"But you see, that is just what I do imagine," returned Susan. "I know I wasn't fit for you in those days; but I've read and studied to make myself fit for you, and I'm no fool. You would have been as happy with me as with the woman you've married. By all accounts, she hasn't got much to show for herself beyond a pretty face."

Ruins of houses.

Mosque at Khartoum.

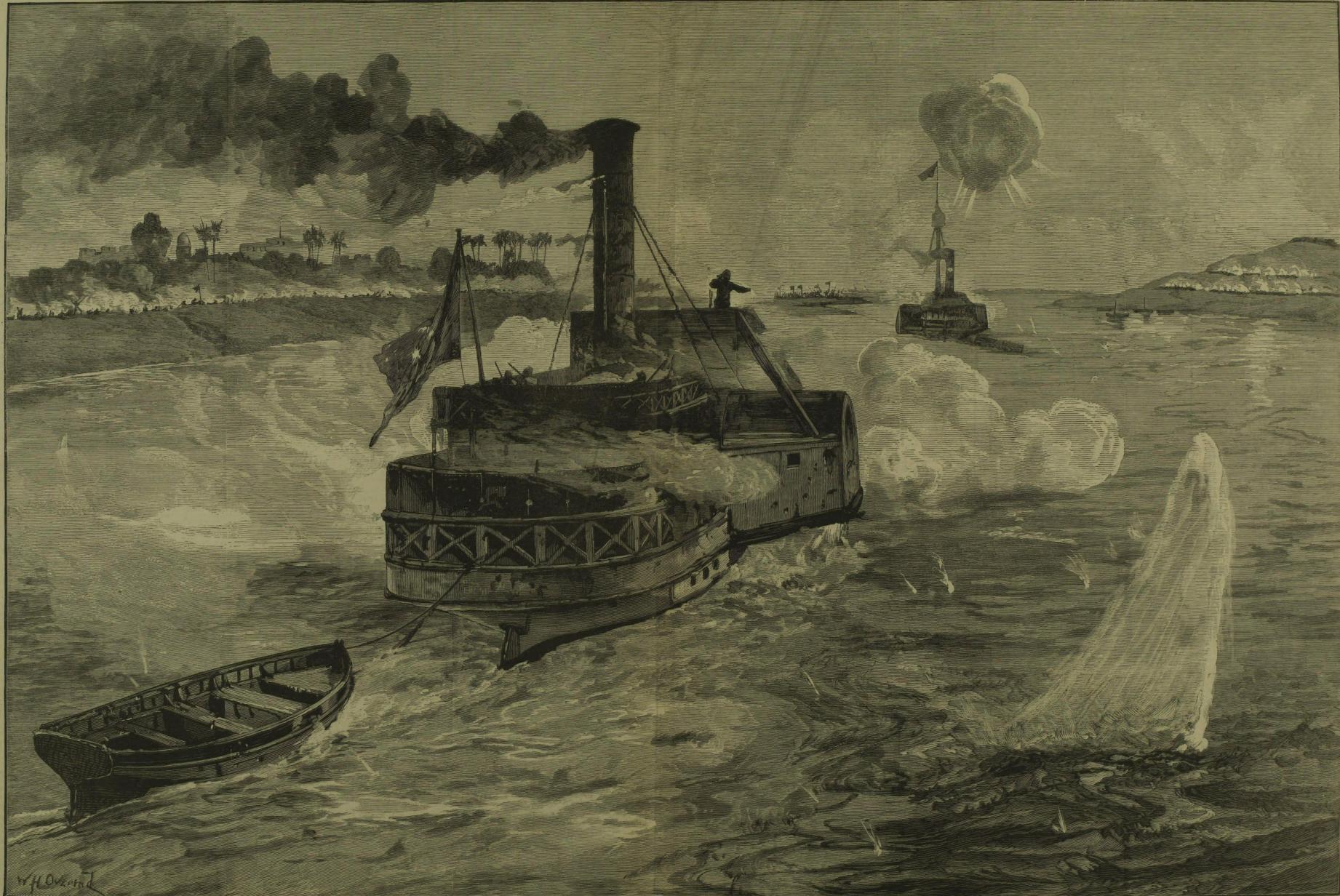
Palace at Khartoum, seen over the trees.

Island of Tuti, lined by the enemy.

Enemy firing.

Enemy with banners, on sand-spit.

Enemy's fort at Omdurman: trenches below; small boats at river-bank.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.—SIR CHARLES WILSON'S RECONNAISSANCE OF KHARTOUM: CONFLICT WITH THE ENEMY OPPOSITE OMDURMAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY SIR CHARLES WILSON, FORWARDED BY MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

W. H. Overend

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 27, 1874), with two codicils (dated Aug. 12, 1876, and Jan. 22, 1877), of the Right Rev. John Jackson, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, who died on Jan. 6 last, at Fulham Palace, was proved on the 23rd ult. by the Rev. Arthur Brook and the Rev. Frederic Horatio Fisher, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £72,000. With the exception of an annuity of £20 to Hannah Collins for her long and faithful services, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated May 6, 1848) of the Right Hon. Thomas Barnes, Earl of Dundonald, late of No. 12, Queen's-gate, who died on Jan. 15 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by the Right Hon. Louisa Harriet, Dowager Countess of Dundonald, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £7000. The testator wills and bequeaths all his property, real and personal, to his wife absolutely, and he appoints her guardian of his children.

The will (dated Feb. 16, 1882), with a codicil (dated June 27, 1884), of Mr. William Hartridge, one of her Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London, late of the Stock Exchange and of Addelam, Upper Deal, Kent, who died on Jan. 25 last, was proved on the 26th ult. by Frederick Hartridge, the brother, and Thomas Willey, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £113,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Idiot Asylum, Earlswood, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney, the London City Mission, and the London Orphan Asylum, Watford; £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the London City Mission's Disabled Missionary Fund; the furniture, plate, and effects at his residence, and the income, for life, of various specified stocks and shares, to his wife, Mrs. Eliza Hartridge; £40,000, upon trust, to pay annuities of £300 each to his son, William Robinson Hartridge, and to his daughters, Mrs. Woodcock, Mrs. Willey, and Mrs. Smithett, and subject thereto for the children of his said son and daughters living at his decease; and numerous other legacies. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, three sixths are to be held upon the same trusts as the sum of £40,000, and one sixth each for his brothers, Charles Henry, Frederick, and Francis James, and should either of his brothers predecease him, then for their children. On the death of Mrs. Hartridge, the annuities to his son and daughters are each to be increased £100 per annum.

The will (dated Sept. 27, 1879), with a codicil (dated June 20, 1882), of Mr. Henry Skynner, late of Temple Chambers, No. 32, Fleet-street, solicitor, and of No. 6, Neville-terrace, Onslow-gardens, South Kensington, who died on Nov. 22 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Miss Emily Elizabeth Brigden, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £67,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution to establish a life-boat on the East Coast, to be called the John and Henry Skynner; £500 to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in commemoration of his brother, and to be called the Robert Charles Skynner Prize Fund, the income to be given annually to the student passing the best examination in the anatomy of the human body, and the best treatment for scarlet fever and rheumatic fever; 50 guineas each to the Seamen's Hospital Society, Greenwich; St. Bartholomew's Hospital; the Marine Society, having its office in Bishopsgate-street; St. Mark's Hospital for Fistula, Charterhouse-square; St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington; the London Hospital, Whitechapel; the Cancer Hospital, Fulham-road; and the Hospital for Consumption, Fulham-road; three guineas to each of the chorister boys at the chapel of St. Mark's College, Chelsea, who assisted in the service on the Sunday morning next preceding his decease; three guineas to each of the chorister boys at St. Paul's Cathedral who assisted at the service on the Saturday afternoon next preceding his decease; three guineas to each of the singing boys of St. James's, Piccadilly, not exceeding sixteen years of age, who assisted at the service on the Sunday evening next preceding his decease; and three guineas each to the choristers or singing boys of St. Peter's, Cranley-gardens, who assisted at the service on the Sunday morning next preceding his decease. He leaves nine freehold houses, one of which is in the City, and including a public-house, to the Master and Scholars of Balliol College, Oxford, to found scholarships and fellowships for the encouragement among graduates and undergraduates of the study of the science of astronomy and original research and discovery; his share in certain freehold and leasehold properties at Richmond to his sisters, Eleanor and Katherine Sophia Skynner, for their lives, and on the death of the survivor of them, to the Seamen's Hospital Society; and considerable freehold property at Hackney, and some freehold land at Kingston, to the Seamen's Hospital Society. There is other provision for his said sisters, and many legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to Miss Brigden.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1882) of Miss Mary Clark, late of No. 10, Albert-road, Regent's Park, who died on July 23 last, was proved on the 20th ult. by Edward Pritchard Evans and Pembroke Scott Stephens, Q.C., the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £400 to the British Home for Incurables; £300 to the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; £250 each to the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road; the University College Hospital, Upper Gower-street; and the City of London Hospital for Disorders of the Chest, Victoria Park; £200 each to the Hospital for French Refugees, Victoria Park; King's College Hospital; the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital, King William-street; and the National Benevolent Institution; and numerous other legacies and annuities. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephews and nieces, William Clark, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. Brassington, Mrs. Chatty, and Mrs. Carnell.

The will (dated June 29, 1883), with a codicil (dated Aug. 21, 1884), of Mr. Richard Sturenberg Cankrien, late of No. 10, Cromwell-crescent, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 3 last, was proved on the 12th ult. by George Allen and Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Rotton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator gives complimentary legacies to his brother, and sons-in-law; and the residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, Mrs. Rotton, Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Maule.

The will (dated Nov. 15, 1873) of the Rev. William Henry Butler, D.C.L., late of Melrose, Upper Richmond-road, Putney, who died on Jan. 11 last, was proved on the 14th ult. by the Rev. Charles Tiplady Pratt and Henry Smith Pownall, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Butler, £200 and his residence, with the furniture and effects, but his books and plate for life only, and at her death they are specifically bequeathed. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his five children, in equal shares.

Lord Carrington has accepted the post of Governor of New South Wales, in succession to Lord Augustus Loftus.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

H. L. (Cecil Court).—Stalemate is a position where the King is not in check, cannot be moved without being moved into check, and the player has no other piece or pawn on the board that can be legally moved. The position you describe is a checkmate.

W. G. (Whitby).—The problem is very acceptable. We are always glad to hear from you

W. D. (Cardiff).—Very neat. If found correct, it shall appear.

G. A. A. W. (North Shields).—The author of No. 2125 is Captain A. W. D. Campbell, now on service in India.

H. F. (Lyons).—We are obliged for the problems, and shall have pleasure in examining them.

W. L. B. (Oxford).—On reconsideration, we deemed Black's play so weak as to deprive the game of all interest. We desire, however, to thank you cordially for the trouble you have taken in the matter.

E. H.—We have more than once stated that solutions cannot be acknowledged until the week following that in which they are received. Your solution of No. 2124 was acknowledged in our last Number.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2124 received from Fluela, Red Sea Rover (Suez), William Miller, A. Shurcliff, Congo, C. T. Lane, Pierce Jones, and John Collins (Sandhurst); of No. 2125 from Fluela, H. St. George, J. E. M. F. S. J. Hall, Edwin Smith, F. West (Tenby), Congo, John Collins (Sandhurst), W. H. D. Henvey, L. E. C. B., and Pierce Jones; of Dr. Engambo's PROBLEM from Hereward, Pierce Jones; of N. TRAVERS' PROBLEM from Pierce Jones; of K. BLAHA's PROBLEM from Hereward, Emma (Darlington), J. T. W. John Collins (Sandhurst), L. Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, C. Darragh, An Old Hand, and Otto Fulder (Ghent).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2123 received from Pierce Jones, John Hodgson, Emma (Darlington), Shadforth, G. A. A. Walker, John Collins (Sandhurst), L. Sharwood, Ernest Sharwood, J. T. W. E. J. Winter Wood, E. Elsley, G. L. Mayne, M. O'Halloran, D. W. Kell, F. Ferris, H. H. Brooks, A. Chapman, Dominican, H. H. Noyes, A. M. Audry, G. W. Law, L. L. Greenaway, D. McCoy, Raymond, R. C. (Harlesdon), A. M. Parker, A. W. Moore, J. A. Ainsworth, R. L. Southwell, H. Wardell, T. Kemp, W. J. Rundell, C. W. Milson, H. Blacklock, E. Casella (Paris), James Wilkinson, B. B. (Chatteris), Emile Fran, B. R. Wood, G. Hunt, W. Scrutton, Lashmar Penfold, S. Lowndes, J. K. South (Hampstead), L. Falcon (Antwerp), B. L. Dyke, Jupiter Junior, W. Hillier, B. J. Vines, C. Olds, W. Dews, G. A. Nathaniel, L. Wyman, S. Bullen, J. G. Anstee, William Davis, F. F. Pott, B. H. C. (Salisbury), W. Biddle, E. Featherstone, E. T. Ward, A. C. Haines, Julia short, S. J. Hall, Henry Bristow, William Miller (Cork), E. Louden, A. Karberg (Hamburg), R. Gray, Ben Nevis, J. E. M. F., G. S. Oldfield, L. S. D. G. Huskisson, C. Meiklejohn, Rev. W. Anderson (Old Bonney), Hereward, and H. St. George (Weybridge).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2125.

WHITE. 1. Kt to K 2nd 2. Q to B 8th 3. Mate accordingly.

BLACK. K to Q 7th Any move

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to K 5th, White continues with 2. B to B 4th, mating on the third move.

SOLUTION OF ANONYMOUS PROBLEM.

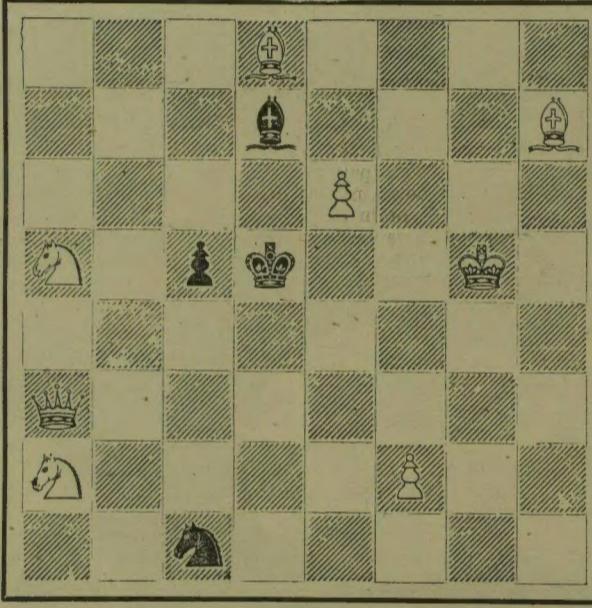
1. K to B 7th 2. B to B 6th 3. B to Q 8th 4. K to Kt 2nd (dis. ch.). Mate.

K moves " "

PROBLEM NO. 2129.

By HENRY BRISTOW.

BLACK.



WHITE to play, and mate in two moves.

The following is the Game referred to in our last Number as one of ten played *sans voix* and simultaneously by M. Tschigorin, at the St. Petersburg Chess Club. It should be noted that M. Tschigorin's adversary, Mr. ARNOLD, in this game also played *sans voix*.

(Two Knight's Defence.)

WHITE (M. A.) BLACK (M. T.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

3. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd

4. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 4th

5. P takes P Kt to Q R 4th

6. B to Kt 5th (ch) P to Q B 3rd

7. P takes P P takes P

8. B to K 2nd P to K R 3rd

9. Kt to K B 3rd P to K 5th

10. Kt to K 5th Q to B 2nd

11. P to K B 4th B to Q 3rd

12. P to Q 4th Castles

13. Castles P to Q B 1st

14. P to Q B 3rd R to Kt sq

Down to this point, the moves are "book" on both sides. White now makes a departure which does not seem to us to be an improvement.

15. Kt to Q R 3rd 15. P to Q Kt 3rd is the usual and, as we think, the preferable move.

16. P takes P Obviously the correct reply.

17. Kt to Q R 3rd R takes Kt

18. Readiness to seize an advantage is evidently characteristic of M. Tschigorin's

and White cannot avoid Checkmate.

There is nothing better.

23. B to K 7th

24. Kt to K 5th Kt to Kt 5th

25. P to K R 3rd Q to B 7th

Black plays with admirable precision, and every blow tells.

26. B to Q 2nd B to B 4th

27. B takes P (ch) Futility; but White is in the toils.

28. R takes B K to R 2nd

29. Q takes R Q to Kt 6th,

and White cannot avoid Checkmate.

A series of very interesting matches, to be played in London during the boat-race week, is being arranged on the part of the Universities and the principal London clubs. On Tuesday, the 21st inst., the Oxford and Cambridge Clubs will unite to play a match against the third class of the City of London Club, twenty players a side, and, for the first time, the University champions need not be undergraduates. On Wednesday, the 25th inst., the Oxford Club will play a match against a team of the St. George's Club, probably the third class; and, on the following day, the annual match of the Universities will be played at the St. George's Club, Albemarle-street. On Saturday, the 28th, the University teams will again unite to play a match against Brighton, eight a side, at the City of London Club, Newgate-street.

Mr. Schlesinger, the honorary secretary of the Athenaeum Chess Club

asks us to correct the score of his club match, referred to in our last Number, to 8 games to 2 instead of 8 to 1.

We have received two new books on the subject of chess. The first,

"Chess Fruits," by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, of Dublin, has been

expected for some time. The second, "Chess Eccentricities," by Major

Hope Verney, deals with varieties of the game from the earliest ages to the present time. We shall refer at more length to both books next week.

We have also received from the publisher, James Wade, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden, the second part of Mr. H. E. Bird's new collection of

games, "The Chess Player's Manual."

The award of the prizes in the tournament of the *Nationaltideende*, of Copenhagen, has just been published. The judges, Messrs. Arnell and Sorensen, have awarded the prizes in the following order:—First, G. Hume, Nottingham; second, E. Walter, Neuhaus; third, E. Mazel, Brunn. Extra prizes for conspicuous merit have been awarded to Messrs. J. Dobrusky, of Prague, and A. E. Studd, of London; and honourable mention is conferred on the compositions of Messrs. H. C. Mathiesen, of Hove, Denmark, and Julius Barsdorff, of Crefeld. The following problem gained the first prize:—

By G. Hume, Nottingham.

White: K at Q R 2nd, R's at Q Kt 3rd and 7th, Kt at Q Kt 6th, B at

Q B 8th; Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q Kt 2nd, B Q 4th, and Q 6th. (Nine pieces.)

Black: K at Q B 4th, R at K Kt 4th; Pawns at Q R 3rd, Q Kt 4th, and K 5th. (Five pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

OBITUARY.

COLONEL THE HON. ERNEST GEORGE CURZON. Colonel the Hon. Ernest George Curzon, late 52nd Foot, Colonel on the Staff commanding the troops at Shorncliffe, died on the 5th inst., while on a visit to Sir J. M. Adye at Gibraltar. He was born Aug. 12, 1828, the sixth son of Richard William, first Earl Howe, by Harriet Georgiana, his wife, daughter of Robert, sixth Earl of Cardigan, and at an early age entered the Army. He served in the Indian Mutiny, was Assistant Adjutant and Quartermaster-General at Aldershot 1877 to 1882, and subsequently Deputy Adjutant-General in Ireland. He married, Jan. 14, 1856, Augusta, daughter of Brigadier-General Halifax, and leaves issue. Colonel Curzon's next brother is Lieutenant-General the Hon. Sir Leicester Smyth, now commanding the troops at the Cape of Good Hope.

MR. FLETCHER-HARGRAVE.

The Hon. John Fletcher-Hargrave, M.A., lately Judge of the Supreme Court, and Judge of the Divorce Court, New South Wales, whose death is announced by cable from Sydney, was born in 1815, the son of Mr. Fletcher, of Greenwich, and after completing his course at University College and King's College, London, took his degree at Cambridge in 1837. He was called to the Bar in 1841. In 1857, he went to New South Wales, and became Solicitor-General there in 1859. In that year, he was elected a Member of the Legislative Assembly, and appointed a Member of the Legislative Council. He was subsequently Attorney-General, 1861 to 1865, in which latter year, he was raised to the Bench as Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court. In 1873, he was nominated First Judge of the Divorce Court of the Colony. He married, in 1843, Ann, daughter of Mr. William Hargrave, of Woodhouse, Leeds. Judge Hargrave, esteemed a sound lawyer, edited the first volume of the twenty-first edition of "Blackstone."

We have also to record the deaths of—

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, March 10.

At last the Chamber has finished the discussion of the Cereals Bill. On Thursday the whole law was voted by 264 votes against 150. The committee appointed in the Senate to examining the bill consists of nine members, all of whom are favourable to the tax on imported grain, and some demand even the elevation of that tax to four or five francs the hectolitre instead of three francs, as proposed by the bill. M. De Soubeyran interpellated the Government last Saturday on the imperfection of the present monetary circulation and the depreciation of silver. The Minister of Finance admitted that the present state of affairs is unsatisfactory, but did not consider it prudent to provoke a new monetary conference. He promised, however, to consult the delegates of the Latin Union, who will meet next month. The discussion by the Deputies of the Budget of 1885, as amended by the Senate, led to a discussion of the right of the Upper Chamber to modify the dispositions of the Deputies in matters of finance. Finally, the theory of mutual concessions prevailed, and the Chamber, by 302 against 194, decided to discuss the amendments of the Senate.

The Exhibition Committee has finally adopted the Champ de Mars as the site for the forthcoming International Exhibition, and fixed the cost of the building at two millions sterling.

In view of the forthcoming general elections, it may be interesting to note a sort of alliance between the reactionaries of all shades with a view to taking advantage of Universal Suffrage. A new journal, *La Flandre*, contains manifestos from the Bonapartist Cassagnac and the Monarchist Hervé, which sum up the doctrines of a sort of "Conservative anarchy": destroy the Republic, and then we shall see what is to be done. It is pleasing to remark that a coup d'état or coup de force is considered to be out of the question. The adversaries of the Republic put their trust, some in a miracle, others in the effects of union, and, out of all their efforts, the probability is that absolutely nothing will result.

One of the most brilliant manifestations of modern art which has been seen in Paris for many years is the exhibition of the works of Eugène Delacroix, now open in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Born in 1798, Delacroix reached the prime of his talent at the moment when Victor Hugo and the Romantic school were revolutionising French poetry and art, and he became as a painter what Hugo became as a poet—that is to say, a great Revolutionary leader and a great dramatist. Delacroix passionately loved passion, and all his life he sought the best means of expressing passion by line and colour. But how little had the present generation seen of his work! "The Ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo," "The Wreck of the Don Juan," "The Massacre of Scio," and "The Jewish Marriage," in the Louvre; two frescoes in the Church of Saint Sulpice, "The Entrance of the Crusaders in Constantinople," lost in the historical labyrinths of Versailles—half a dozen works were alone accessible to our admiration. In the present exhibition, there are two hundred and fifty pictures, and as many drawings and studies: we are able to judge Delacroix on the strength of a large proportion of his life's work. Well, the exhibition is a revelation to us, and a triumph for the artist. Delacroix died in 1863; he now comes before the tribunal of posterity; and posterity declares him to be one of the great geniuses of the French school, and worthy to take his place beside Lebrun and Poussin. Delacroix ought to be particularly interesting to us Anglo-Saxons, for his masters in painting were Bonington, Constable, Wilkie, and Copley Fielding; and it was in the works of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron that he found the inspiration of some of his finest pictures. Delacroix's series of lithographs illustrating "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are splendid, both in conception and in execution. But while admiring the masterpieces gathered together at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts—the "Convulsionnaires de Tanger," "The Two Foscari," "Medea Killing Her Children," the "Massacre of the Bishop of Liège" (from Scott's "Quentin Durward"), "Boissy d'Anglais," "The Crusaders," "The Battle of Nancy," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Sardanapalus," and all the marvellous paintings of animals, landscape, and sea—we are struck with the immensity of the artist's labour, the minuteness of his researches in all the details of his art, the indefatigable pursuit of mastery of his instruments. We have only to look at the quantities of drawings and studies, the masses of sketch-books and note-books, exhibited in glass cases, to realise how completely Delacroix's life was absorbed by his art. It was he who said to a young artist who had asked advice and counsel, "If you are not expert enough to sketch a man in the time he takes to fall from a fifth-floor window to the ground, you will never be able to produce great works." In this enormous hyperbole we find the preoccupation of Delacroix's whole life, the attainment of a rapidity and sureness of execution which would enable him to fix the images formed by his marvellous imagination without allowing any of the intensity of the action or of the idea to evaporate. The proceeds of the exhibition at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts are to be devoted to erecting a bronze statue to the memory of this great painter.

T. C.

The Czar Alexander III. completed his fortieth year on Monday.

The Czar's birthday was celebrated at Berlin, on Monday, by a banquet given by the Emperor and Empress.

Cardinal Simor, the Primate of Hungary, has dedicated a princely gift of 200,000 fl. to the establishment of an orphan asylum at Gran, his diocesan residence, and 200,000 fl. towards the restoration and completion of the beautiful Basilica of Gran, begun in 1821 by Cardinal Rudnay.

President Cleveland's Cabinet is constituted as follows:—Secretary of State, Mr. Thomas F. Bayard (Delaware); Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Daniel Manning (New York); Secretary for War, Mr. William Endicott (Massachusetts); Secretary of the Navy, Mr. William C. Whitney (New York); Secretary of the Interior, Mr. L. G. C. Lamar (Mississippi); Postmaster-General, Mr. William F. Vilas (Wisconsin); Attorney-General, Mr. A. H. Garland (Arkansas). The Senate has confirmed all the appointments.

A Reuter despatch from Cape Town announces that Mr. Rhodes has tendered his resignation as Deputy Commissioner for Bechuanaland, and that Sir Hercules Robinson has officially objected to Mr. Mackenzie's presence at Vryburg.

Telegrams from Madeira state that the Germans have hauled down the British flag at Victoria, situated at the head of Ambas Bay, in the Little Cameroons, and have raised the German flag in its stead. This act, we trust, will turn out to be only the unauthorised excess of some too zealous officer.

We learn from Calcutta that the Indian Government have made arrangements for the reception of the Amir of Afghanistan with due pomp. Lord Dufferin will be accompanied by most of the higher officials, and it is expected that the meeting will take place on the 28th inst.

The *Melbourne Argus* proposes that the colony of Victoria should grant a subsidy in aid of the British forces in the Soudan.

THE BECHUANALAND EXPEDITION.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, a volunteer of "Methuen's Horse," who is one of the party attached to the Telegraph Company of the Royal Engineers in advance of Sir Charles Warren's expedition to restore order in Bechuanaland, sends us the Sketches published this week. They were taken while at the camp formed near Barkly, on the Vaal river, in Griqualand West, before advancing into the border country which has recently been made the subject of political controversy; and which is a narrow strip of land, the abode of the Batlapin and Barolong tribes, under their chiefs Mankoroane and Montsioa, but their tribal rule is disputed by rival native chiefs; amongst whom some hundreds of Boers and other white men have lately intruded, occupying farms by pretended grants from the hostile native party. We now learn that Sir Charles Warren has established military rule at Vryburg, in the district of Stellaland, which is the southern part of Bechuanaland, nearest to the Cape Colony. Mr. Krüger, the President of the Transvaal Republic, had returned to Pretoria after his conference with Sir Charles Warren; and it is believed that the Transvaal Government is acting in co-operation with the British Commissioner, but much excitement prevails among the Boers. The Boer frontier camp at Roor Grond, adjacent to Goshen and to Montsioa's country, is now deserted. Until Sir Charles Warren reaches that place, where it is hoped that he will exercise his authority without opposition, there is still much uncertainty whether existing disputes can be adjusted by a pacific arrangement.

The Sketches presented in this Number of our Journal represent scenes and incidents of camp life, which must be new to many of the volunteers who went out from England last November, having enlisted in the "South African Irregular Field Force," in the regiment of Mounted Infantry commanded by Colonel the Hon. Paul Methuen, popularly called "Methuen's Horse." Another Mounted Infantry regiment, which was raised in the colony, is similarly known by the name of its commanding officer as "Carrington's Horse." The force under Major-General Sir Charles Warren, R.E., includes also some regiments of the Queen's army, the Inniskilling Dragoons, a detachment of the Royal Artillery with Gardner guns, and a battalion of the 1st (Royal Scots) regiment of infantry; there is, besides, a local corps of volunteers from the Diamond-Fields of West Griqualand. The camp at Barkly West, towards the end of January, was thus a place of military bustle; and our Special Artist has delineated the scene at the arrival of the first detachment of "Methuen's Horse," which he had preceded some days before; the baggage-waggon seen in the distance is one belonging to the Royal Scots regiment. The row of horses picketed in a line, undergoing the process of grooming, is humorously called "the stables." The full-length portrait of an officer of "Methuen's Horse" is an example of the campaigning costume; and their rough accommodation is shown in the blanket tents occupied by Colonel Cotton and Captain Drummond, with saddles, guns, portmanteaus, and waterproof sheets lying about on the ground; and in one of the "tentes d'abri" belonging to the officers of Carrington's regiment. As January in South Africa is Mid-summer, the heat is intensely felt, and there is much natural thirst, which is the excuse for putting "Drink" into these Sketches. "The Torture of Tantalus" is realised by an unhappy sentry, who sees his comrades with a bottle reliving their necessity, but may not partake of the cooling draught.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

A meeting of this institution was held on Thursday, the 5th inst., at its house, John-street, Adelphi, at which rewards amounting to £203 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution and shore-boats for saving life from wrecks on our coasts. Payments amounting to £2977 were made on various life-boat establishments. Among the contributions lately received were £1000 from Mrs. J. H. Macdonald towards the endowment of her life-boat at Appledore. It was decided to send a new life-boat, possessing all the latest improvements, to Blackpool, in lieu of the boat at present on that station.

The annual meeting of the institution will be held at Willis's Rooms next Saturday—the Duke of Northumberland, president of the institution, in the chair.

Mr. Inspector Denning, who has been for eighteen years at the House of Commons, has been appointed to the post of Chief Inspector of the Palace of Westminster.

Mr. Justice Field has consented, at the request of the Lord Chancellor, with the concurrence of the Lord Chief Justice of England, to act as an additional Judge of the Chancery Division, and a number of causes have been transferred to him.

Miss Welsh, late Vice-Mistress and Classical Lecturer at Girton College, Cambridge, has been appointed to the post of Mistress, which was rendered vacant last year by the resignation of Miss Bernard.

The Scinde, Punjaub, and Delhi Railway Company have received official intimation from the Secretary of State for India that it is the intention of the Government of India to purchase their lines, under the terms of their contract.

The "Statesman's Year-Book" for 1885, published by Macmillan and Co., indicates careful and systematic compilation. It is undoubtedly the best work of its kind, and it continues to improve in quality and quantity.

The prize-list of the Essex Agricultural Society for the Waltham Abbey Show contains particulars of prizes to the value of £1700 for horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, donkeys, dairy produce, implements, and silos and ensilage. The entries close on May 11.

The Queen has conferred Companionships of the Bath upon Sir Evelyn Baring, K.C.S.I., her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General in Egypt; the Hon. Robert Meade, Assistant Under-Secretary for the Colonies; and Mr. J. A. Crowe, Commercial Attaché to the Foreign Department.

The result of the election of the Roman Catholic Archbishop for Dublin on Tuesday was as follows:—Rev. Dr. Walsh, President of Maynooth College, 46 votes; Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Assistant Bishop of Dublin, 12; Rev. Dr. Tynan, 3; Rev. Dr. Woodlock, Bishop of Ardagh, 2. The Rev. Dr. Walsh was therefore elected, subject to the approval of the Pope.

The Worshipful Company of Grocers has presented £50 to the Church of England Central Society for Providing Homes for Waifs and Strays; the Clothworkers' Company has granted £50 to the East London Union for Advanced Education (Stepney Centre), Dempsey-street, E.; and the Goldsmiths' Company has contributed £25 to the funds of the Hospital for Consumption, Hampstead.

Dramatic performances were given on Tuesday evening to the inmates of Brompton Hospital, beginning with a comedietta entitled "6s. 8d.," the characters being supported by Mr. and Mrs. Beerbohm Tree and Mr. De Cordova. After this Mr. Beerbohm Tree gave a recitation. A comedietta in one act followed, entitled "The Baron's Wager," in which Sir Charles Young, Bart., and Lady Monckton took part. Mr. Lionel Monckton presided at the piano.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

"If I were an English Minister," exclaimed Prince Bismarck on the 2nd of March in the memorable speech in which he roundly rated Earl Granville for hindering the development of German colonies, and plainly recommended co-operation with the Sultan as the best way of safeguarding English interests in Egypt. In directness of speech, the German Chancellor is certainly more English than the present Foreign Secretary of England; and Prince Bismarck's plain speaking will not have been in vain if it should have the desirable effect of curing that vagueness of speech, which, there is reason to fear, has but represented indecision of judgment and indolence of action on the part of Earl Granville. The perfect courtesy of the noble Earl's reply on the 6th inst. in the House of Lords to Prince Bismarck's late complaint, on the other hand, exhibited the urbane Foreign Secretary at his best. He referred to Prince Bismarck's former blunt counsel to England to "take Egypt" as an open secret, and protested that, in referring to it, he had not the faintest idea of attacking the Chancellor, whose closing friendly sentiments he quite reciprocated. Though a new source of dispute appeared to be imminent when the report came on Monday that the Germans had hauled down the British flag at Victoria, in Ambas Bay, West Africa (near the Cameroons, where German sailors have had hot work), the satisfactory answer returned by Lord Granville on Tuesday to the Marquis of Salisbury "that our negotiations with Germany on Colonial matters are at present on a very friendly footing" reassured alarmists. Any differences that may have existed between the German Chancellor and the Foreign Office are now supposed to have been removed by the successful mission to London of Count Herbert Von Bismarck, who has been even named as a possible forthcoming Ambassador of Germany to the Court of St. James's.

Life in the House of Commons has been, on the whole, dull since the Censure Debate. Mr. Gladstone's firm but pacific note on the 5th inst. in speaking hopefully of the issue of the Anglo-Russian negotiations allayed the fears of a collision on the Afghan frontier, where Sir Peter Lumden had been kept waiting an unconsciously long time for the leisurable Russian representative.

With respect to the sinews of war in another direction—the Soudan quicksand for English lives and treasure—Sir Thomas Brassey on the 5th inst. secured a vote of £330,000 for extra naval expenses in connection with the Soudan War, though not before he had been, so to speak, raked fore and aft by Mr. W. H. Smith for delaying the building of new ships, and by Mr. Labouchere, who vainly sought to reduce the vote by a quarter of a million to sustain his well-earned reputation as a Radical economist. Though divided against the Marquis of Hartington was similarly successful in obtaining the sanction of the House on Monday for the additional Army Estimates of close upon a million—£942,000—for the Soudan. Some astonishment was occasioned by the Secretary for War's allusion to an expedition to Khartoum as being "probable" at some future day, whereas the Government indisputably stated during the Censure Debate that such an expedition would certainly take place to overcome the power of the Mahdi. Be that as it may, Lord Hartington could not be induced, even by a direct interrogation on the part of Lord E. Cecil, to retract the word "probable," which Radicals promptly construed into "problematical." His Lordship based his claims for the £942,000 upon the request of Lord Wolseley that an expedition should be sent to Souakin against Osman Digna. In compliance with that request, General Graham and some 12,000 troops had been sent to the Red Sea. One satisfactory assurance by the noble Lord was that there was reason to believe that the £300,000 and £1,000,000 previously voted for Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition would cover the whole of the cost of that undertaking up to the present time.

The Commons have not made much progress in Committee with the Redistribution of Seats Bill, albeit short shrift was given the Minority amendment of Sir John Lubbock, and the Universities disfranchising amendment of Mr. Bryce. Before the resumption of the debate on Tuesday, there was a lively interlude, due to Sir H. Maxwell's suddenly rising to censure the Viceroy of India for pressing forward in Council the Bengal Tenancy Bill. This irregular proceeding on the part of the hon. Baronet was condemned by Sir George Campbell and Mr. J. K. Cross, but defended by Mr. J. Lowther, who brought down upon himself an animated rebuke from Mr. Gladstone, to whom Sir Stafford Northcote replied. But altogether Parliament is in a parlous state. The sooner the new Parliament is elected the better.

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday evening, Mr. R. Gordon, C.E., read a paper on the Irrawadi River, of which he contended that the Saupo, the great river of Thibet, was the upper portion.

The polling in West Gloucestershire, to fill the vacancy caused by the appointment of Colonel Kingscote as a Commissioner of Woods and Forests, took place on Tuesday, the candidates being Mr. St. John Ackers, Conservative, and Sir W. Marling, Liberal. The result was—Ackers, 4837; Marling, 4426.

An address from members of the Indian community at present residing in England was presented to the Marquis of Ligon last Saturday at Willis's Rooms. His Lordship, in reply, alluded at some length to the policy which he had carried out in India, and expressed his great satisfaction at the offers made lately by native princes to send troops to the aid of the Government.

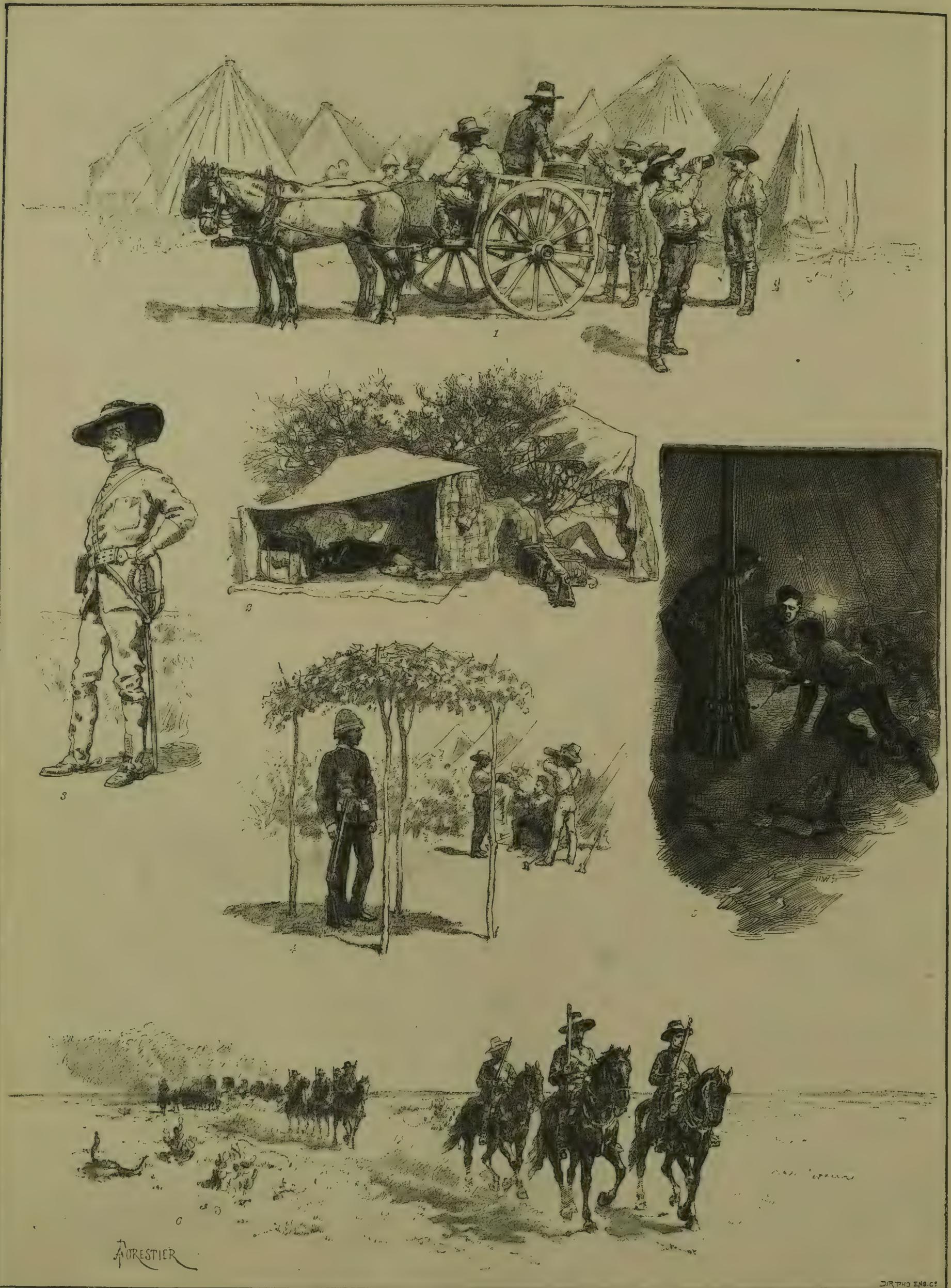
Mr. Goschen, M.P., presiding last Saturday evening at the annual meeting of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, congratulated that body upon its success, but maintained that the public support which it receives is totally inadequate to its objects. The aim of the society is not professional advantage, but to supply men and women with fresh sources of mental brightness and happiness.

Last month the officers of the Fishmongers' Company seized at and near Billingsgate Market 66 tons of fish as unfit for human food. Of this quantity 55 tons came by water and 11 tons by land. The weight of fish delivered at Billingsgate in the month was 11,907 tons, of which 8491 tons came by land, and 3416 tons by water. The fish condemned consisted mostly of foreign herrings, of which there were nearly 51 tons.

The scheme prepared by the Charity Commission for the reorganisation and future administration of Christ's Hospital has been published. The changes it proposes to make are very extensive. The governing body is reconstituted, the terms of admission to the school are modified in some important points, and benefits which hitherto have been almost monopolised by boys are to be more largely shared by girls; day schools for both sexes are to be added to the existing foundations; and Christ's Hospital itself is to be removed from its present site, and is to be placed and maintained within a convenient distance from the city of London. A boarding school is to be provided within a convenient distance from the city of London for 500 girls, and a day school not more than three miles from the Royal Exchange for a further 400. At the boys' boarding school there are to be 700 places, and at their day school 600.

WITH THE EXPEDITION TO BECHUANALAND.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE, OF "METHUEN'S HORSE."



1. "Drink."

5. Tente d'Abri of "Carrington's Horse" at Barkly Camp.

2. Temporary Tent of Colonel Cotton and Captain Drummond.

3. An Officer of "Methuen's Horse."

6. Arrival of first detachment of "Methuen's Horse" at Barkly Camp.

4. "The Torture of Tantalus."

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN.

We are favoured by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, through our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, with the opportunity of publishing two Sketches of the greatest interest; the one being that of his celebrated reconnaissance of Khartoum on Jan. 28, and the conflict of his steam-boats with the enemy's fort at Omdurman and with thousands of the Mahdi's soldiery on Tuti island and on the opposite bank of the Nile; the other Sketch representing his party, after the wreck of their vessel on Jan. 31, landed on the small islet of Mernat, from which situation they were relieved on the following day by Lord Charles Beresford, with his steamer manned by the British sailors, who went up from Gubat, bravely encountered a heavy fire of the enemy from the river-banks, and brought them safely home to the British camp. These incidents were among the most adventurous and remarkable of the late campaign, and we are fortunate in being enabled, by the assistance of the gallant officer then in command, to include them in the subjects of our pictorial record. It will be remembered that Sir Charles Wilson started up the river from Gubat, on Saturday, the 24th, with two of General Gordon's steamers, the Bordein and the Tal Howeiyah. With these vessels, despite great obstacles from the rapids and rocks in the unknown stream, he reached the junction of the Blue and White Nile, at Omdurman, early on the following Wednesday, and passed along the shore of Tuti island, where the enemy were collected in great force, keeping up an incessant fire of rifles, with several guns in the fort and batteries. He approached within eight hundred yards of the town of Khartoum, so as clearly to see its principal buildings, the Palace or Government House, the Mosque, and the Catholic Church, but soon obtained the sorrowful knowledge that Khartoum had fallen, and was already in the possession of the enemy, the garrison having surrendered on the previous day. As nothing could be done with the small force under his command, having a mere escort of British soldiers of the Sussex Regiment and about two hundred Egyptian or Soudanese of Gordon's troops on board the steamers, Sir Charles Wilson was obliged to return, again running past the enemy's forts and batteries, assailed by an incessant fire. The Tal Howeiyah was wrecked at Gebel Royah. The wreck of the second steamer, on its way down to Gubat, appears to have

been preconcerted with the enemy, as large numbers of them were assembled at that place; but Sir Charles managed to land his party safely, with four guns and the ammunition, and to hold his position on Mernat island, day and night, till he saw Lord Charles Beresford's vessel engaged with a battery erected by the enemy three miles below. A round shot pierced the boiler, and it was necessary to stop for repairs, which were executed by the chief engineer, Mr. Henry Benbow, under fire of the battery, within a range of five hundred yards; all honour to the Naval Brigade! Seeing what had happened down the river, Sir Charles Wilson crossed with his party to the right bank, and marched down to meet Lord Charles Beresford; he re-embarked there, and was conveyed to Gubat, arriving at three o'clock in the morning of the next day. Lieutenant Stuart-Wortley, who had been with him at Khartoum, had already returned to Gubat in a rowing-boat, and had brought the sad news of the fall of Khartoum.

Another Sketch by the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. Coveny, of the 42nd Royal Highlanders, who was killed on Feb. 10 in the battle of General Earle's column at Kerbekan, is presented in this week's publication. It is that of the General and his Staff at the landing-place at Hamdab, above the Gerend cataract, on their route up the Nile.

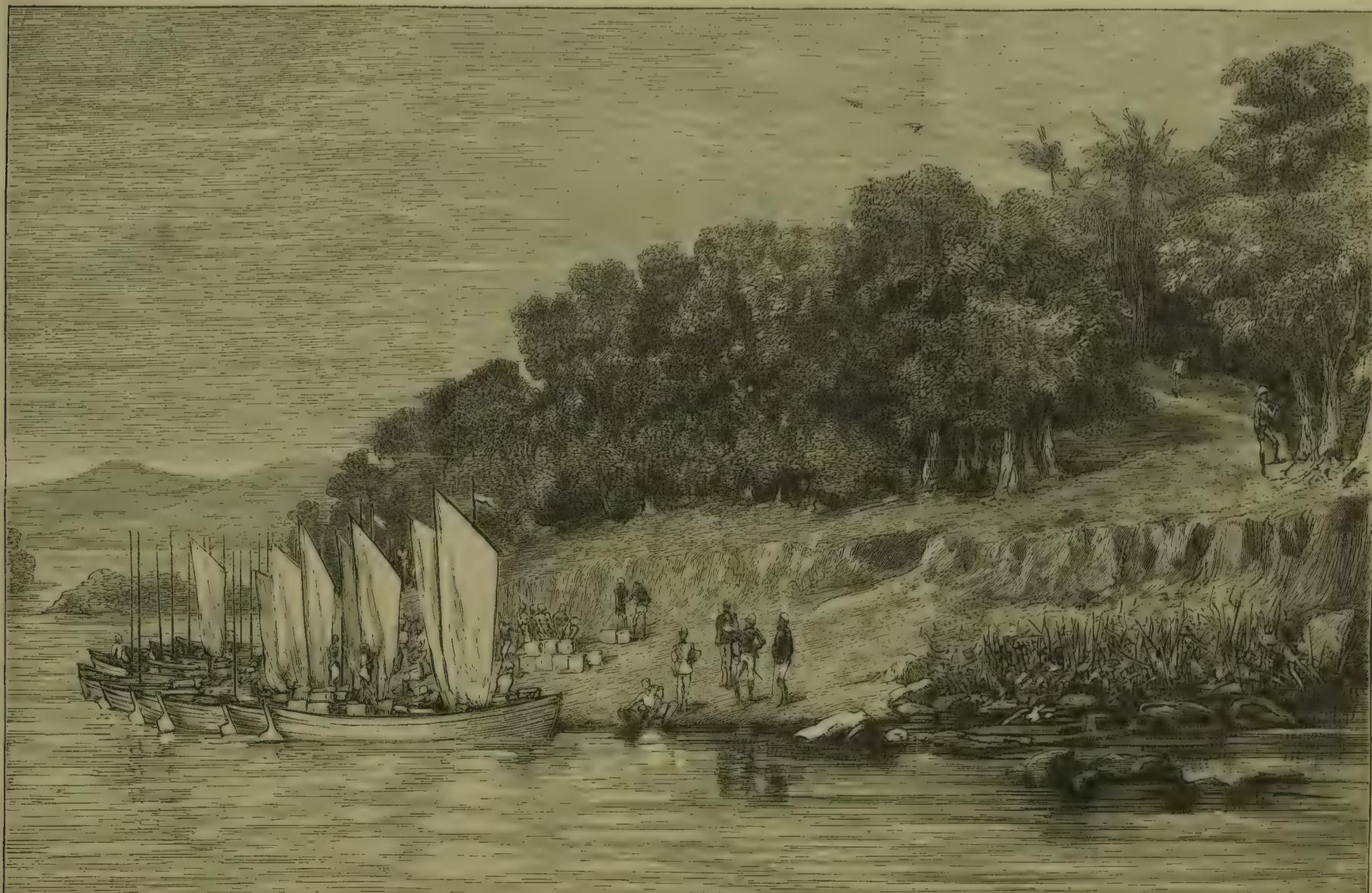
The news of present military operations is of very little interest. The remainder of Sir Redvers Buller's column, including the Heavy Division of the Camel Corps, the Artillery, and the Naval Brigade, arrived last Sunday from Gakdul at the head-quarters, which are still at Korti; and General Brackenbury, with the Staffordshire Regiment, the Highlanders, and the Engineers, has also returned thither.

At Souakim, where Sir Gerald Graham would arrive this week from Cairo to take the command, the Guards have already disembarked after their voyage from England, and some of the Indian troops have landed. They expect an early battle with Osman Digna.

We present a Portrait of the Khedive's younger brother, Prince Hassan, who joins Lord Wolseley's head-quarters with the titular office of High Commissioner for the Egyptian Government in the Soudan, and is in command of a regiment of Egyptian cavalry. He was educated partly in England, and has been at Oxford and at Woolwich. The Portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



PRINCE HASSAN, BROTHER OF THE KHEDIVE,
HIGH COMMISSIONER OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT IN THE SOUDAN.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: GENERAL EARLE'S LANDING-PLACE AT HAMDAB, ON THE NILE.
SKETCH BY THE LATE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. C. COVENY, 42ND (BLACK WATCH) ROYAL HIGHLANDERS.

CITY ECHOES.

Wednesday, March 11.

A large amount of gold has arrived this week from Germany and other parts of the Continent, thus adding to our financial strength, while it has at the same time so excited the apprehensions of the directors of the Bank of Germany, that they have raised the official rate to 5 per cent, after two years of 4 per cent, and in spite of low rates in the open market. It is almost expected that the Bank of France will advance tomorrow. Politics have much to do with this desire to remain strong in the matter of gold. Our rate is still 4, and it is working to perfection. As a people, we have investments all over the world, and it is our custom to reinvest each year not only the income derived from such investments, but such further sums as our current savings suggest. The fear of war, or other cause of distrust, induces us to delay investing, and then flows into us the income accruing from many parts. We are in that position now; and, in raising the rates, foreign banks strive to tempt us to leave our money with them by offering greater inducements. Germany is particularly anxious to check this return of money to England, because her market is in danger of suffering a serious crisis, for it is notorious that speculators in Berlin are up to their neck in Russian bonds; while it is clear that a conflict in Afghanistan would probably send such bonds down 10 or 20 per cent in a very few weeks.

In the Stock Markets, the tone has for several days past been more assured, chiefly because, as regards Egypt and Germany, the outlook is better; and, as to Russia in Afghanistan, there is a general desire by the principals and their allies to prevent an appeal to arms. But a most serious crisis has come upon certain notoriously speculative securities. It began with the Grand Trunk Railway dividend proving to be not more than 1½ per cent per annum on the first preference. A fall of 15 per cent at once took place in that stock, with a corresponding reduction in the other classes. The extent of this movement caused a panic among several groups of speculators, and some other similarly sustained securities have also seriously declined, London, Chatham, and Dover issues more especially.

Dealings in Turkish Government stocks have lately been on the basis of the groups agreed upon at the settlement of the debt in January, 1882, when it was decided that, apart from those loans the interest payments of which were specially secured, all the debt should rank without distinction for interest; but that, in repayment of the principal, some regard should be had to priority. For this purpose the debt was divided into four groups—the first comprising the 6 per cent stocks of 1858 and 1862; the second, the 6 per cent issues of 1860 and 1863-4, and 9 per cent Treasury bonds; the third, the 6 per cent loans of 1865, 1869, and 1873; and the fourth, the 5 per cent general debt bonds, the bulk of which was issued in 1865. It is worth remarking that the market quotations of the groups have been steadily advancing, partly because the interest due this week has been provided.

In continuation of their policy to make all the Indian railways State lines, official notice has been given to the Scinde, Punjab, and Delhi Company that the Government of India will exercise their right to purchase the undertaking this year, under the terms of their contract. A proposal for a new lease is to be, however, applied for, should the idea meet with the approval of the proprietors, which, however, is not quite certain, decided opposition to this course being expressed in several quarters. This will make the third large railway taken over by the Indian Government, the first having been the East Indian, and the second the Eastern Bengal. Unlike the two lines just referred to, the revenue of the Scinde Company has

always been below the amount required to meet the guaranteed interest, the net amount, so far, advanced by the Government for this purpose being £6,506,293.

Holders of New Zealand Five per Cent Bonds are offered £107 of Four per Cent Bonds in exchange for each £100 Five per Cent stock; and as the Five per Cents may be paid off at par at the option of the Government, it seems that holders could not do better than convert. T. S.

Mr. J. S. Keltie has been unanimously elected librarian to the Royal Geographical Society, in succession to the late Mr. E. C. Rye. Mr. Keltie retains the editorship of the "Statesman's Year-Book."

An official notice appears in the *Gazette* conferring on the sisters of the present and grand-daughters of the late Marquis of Cholmondeley the title, place, and precedence which would have been due to them had their father succeeded to the title.

In London last week 2623 births and 1495 deaths were registered, the former having been 222 and the latter 300 below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the past ten years, allowing for increase of population. The deaths included 16 from smallpox, 52 from measles, 15 from scarlet fever, 15 from diphtheria, and 37 from whooping cough.

Convocation of Oxford on Tuesday carried the decree granting £500 a year for three years to Dr. Burdon Sanderson, the Professor of Physiology. The motion was resisted by Canon Liddon and the Bishop of Oxford, representing the anti-vivisection party, who were defeated by 412 votes against 244.

In the Divorce Court on Tuesday, Sir James Hannan gave his decision in the suit of the Earl of Durham for nullity of marriage, on the ground of his wife being insane when the marriage was contracted. Sir James went through the evidence in considerable detail, and said he saw no evidence that Lady Durham had been insane till a considerable time after her marriage. He therefore dismissed the petition with costs.

The first spring show of the Royal Horticultural Society took place on Tuesday afternoon at South Kensington. It was exceedingly interesting; cyclamens, cinerarias, orchids, and camellias engaging special attention. Besides the flowers and plants, there was a choice and numerous array of apples, the fruit looking as fresh as in autumn. The next exhibition will, it is expected, be rich in hyacinths and tulips.

A remarkably cheap "Illustrated Life of General Gordon," edited by "Philip," is issued this week from the office of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford-lane, Strand. For two-pence is presented a complete biography of the "Hero of Khartoum," illustrated by a profusion of drawings of Gordon's "Baptism of Fire" in the Crimea, Storming the Redan, his victorious campaign as "Chinese Gordon," his crusade against slavery while Governor of the Soudan, his last Mission to Khartoum (with View of the City), new Portraits of the General, Engraving of his Nile Warfare, Sketches of Gordon's Steamers, and of Sir Charles Wilson's View of Khartoum, together with excellent Portraits of the Mahdi and our "Soudan Heroes," including Lord Wolseley, Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Charles Wilson, Sir Redvers Buller, and the late General Earle, Colonel Burnaby, Colonel Coveny, Colonel Eyre, and Lord St. Vincent. Facsimiles of General Gordon's Arabic message and Khartoum bank-note add to the value of this extraordinary twopenny-worth, the sale of which is bound to be large. "The Illustrated Life of General Gordon," it may be added, is brought down to the fall of Khartoum, and is complete as a souvenir of one of England's great military leaders.

THE CHURCH.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol has received an offer of £10,000 for a memorial church in his diocese.

Canon King, Bishop Designate of Lincoln, preached his farewell sermon at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford, on Sunday morning to an overflowing congregation.

The Greater Chapter of St. Paul's met on Monday in their Chapter House, and formally elected the Right Rev. Frederick Temple, D.D., Bishop of Exeter, to be Bishop of London.

The Dean and Chapter of Canterbury are to issue another appeal to Churchmen generally for further subscriptions to provide the Cathedral with a new organ.

The Bishop of Bedford presided on Monday at the annual meeting of the East London Nursing Society, which was held at the Mansion House. The report stated that in the eighteen East-End parishes in which the operations of the society are carried on, 37,6 cases had been nursed, involving 57,710 visits; 1626 of those nursed were women, and 492 children under 14. A resolution pledging the meeting to support the society was adopted.

General Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar will succeed General Sir T. Steele in the command of the troops in Ireland.

We have received an impression of an etching by Leon Richeton of a portrait of the late Henry Fawcett, M.P., which may be commended as a faithful likeness of the lamented statesman. It is published by Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes, of Cambridge.

The following Royal Academicians have consented to act as members of the hanging committee for the forthcoming exhibition:—Mr. P. H. Calderon, Sir John Gilbert, Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, Mr. E. J. Poynter, Mr. G. D. Leslie, Mr. G. Richmond, Mr. H. H. Armstead, and Mr. R. Norman Shaw.

The Commissioners of Police have received a letter from the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, expressing his admiration at the courageous conduct of Police-Constable Cole on the occasion of the dynamite outrage at Westminster Hall, and inclosing a cheque for £20 for him.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular glass to Captain Ole Johannes Christpherson, of the Norwegian barque *Ophir*, of Stavanger, in acknowledgment of his humanity and kindness to the crew of the British ship *Windsor Castle*, of London, who were shipwrecked in the Indian Ocean on July 25, 1881.

Mr. Edmund Yates, who had been sentenced to four months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant, for a libel that had appeared in the *World* newspaper, of which he is the proprietor, and who had served about half the period of his sentence in Holloway Jail, was released on Tuesday, by order of the Home Secretary, in consequence of injury to health.

The Royal Humane Society has conferred its silver medal on Mr. C. J. R. Le Mesurier, District Judge, for a gallant act performed in the Maramba Lake, Ceylon, whereby he saved the life of a native. The silver clasp (the recipient being already in possession of the silver medal) is awarded to Colonel Clare, V.C., R.E., for, with assistance, rescuing a gunner who fell off a pontoon bridge into the Roorkee Canal, India.

The annual return of the Volunteer corps of Great Britain for 1884 shows that the force on the authorised establishment has grown from 160,321 in 1860 to 249,419 in 1884. The number of efficient in 1884 was 208,365; non-efficient, 6650; number actually enrolled, 215,015. Of these, 18,147 had qualified for the special grant of 50s. There were actually present at inspection 184,282.

LATEST NEWS OF THE WAR IN EGYPT.

The following notices are selected from the Thousand Newspapers which quoted and expressed most commendatory opinions of the

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE

LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE

Relating to the SOUDAN EXPEDITION,

Including Despatches from Korti, Gakdul, Merawi, Souakim, and the Latest Intelligence from Khartoum.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE says of the heroic march to the Nile:—"The palm for description must be given to the Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, whose despatch is not only much the longest, but also the most vivid in its colouring and realistic in its narrative."

THE ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE says of the dashing fight before Metammeh:—"Nothing seems to have escaped the attention of the Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE; and the whole story is told with a quiet and full particularity which—to use a very hackneyed phrase—leaves nothing to be desired."

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE of Feb. 1 complains of Lord Wolseley's "confused despatch" relating to General Stewart's "brilliant success"; and adds: "Among the press telegrams the next morning the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE'S was the only good one."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"There is news this morning of a most startling character regarding events at the seat of war in the Soudan. The first authority for the information of the fall of Khartoum was the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, which has been conspicuous for excellent accounts of recent battles in the Soudan."

PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER:—"A veteran War Correspondent, Mr. Charles Williams, won the Press laurel for his animated account of the battle of Metammeh, in Mr. Edward Lloyd's popular newspaper, the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

NEWPORT ECHO:—"All authorities are agreed that the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE takes the palm for its masterly description of the battle before Metammeh."

THE SPORTSMAN:—"Many people have been struck with the vivid pictures of events which succeeded Abou Klea, and which appeared in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

THE DOVER STANDARD:—"A Compliment to Journalism.—The graphic accounts of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE Correspondent with General Stewart's force have attracted great attention."

THE SURREY ADVERTISER AND COUNTY TIMES:—"The battles of Abou Klea and of Gubat will, in the hands of some future Napier-like historian, fill a glorious page in British records. Fortunately, the story is at

hand in the columns of description telegraphed by the Special Correspondents of our daily contemporaries, notably by that of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, which a consensus of opinion in press circles admits has shot at once to the front in its splendidly-written account of the last battle in which our little but gallant force under Stewart rolled back the treacherous onset of the Arabs."

NEWCASTLE DAILY JOURNAL:—"The telegrams of the fighting before Metammeh were throughout of the most brilliant character. The palm for description must this time be given to the Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

MANCHESTER DAILY NEWS:—"The most consecutive narrative appears in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE from the pen of Mr. Charles Williams, and the descriptive touches in this long account are just what one might have expected from such a practised writer, whose telegrams go to the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

THE SPECTATOR:—"The Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, whose telegrams are excellent, has a knack of getting them off in time."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING MAIL:—"The LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE has undoubtedly scored by its war correspondence. Its messages have been prompt, graphic, and reliable. Mr. C. Williams's descriptions of the principal engagements have at times been quite brilliant, and the greatest compliment which could be paid to their merit is been their reproduction, with due acknowledgments to Mr. Edward Lloyd's enterprise, in both the metropolitan and provincial press."

EAST KENT GAZETTE:—"The LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE has scored a distinct success with its war intelligence, and Mr. Charles Williams has proved the wisdom of the editor in selecting him to be his representative in the Soudan by the brilliant feats he has from time to time accomplished. Papers of all shades of opinion, such as the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' the 'St. James's Gazette,' the 'Spectator,' and others, with scores of provincial journals, have paid him the highest compliments possible, and his despatches are reprinted from one end of the kingdom to the other—I may even go so far as to say throughout the civilised world."

CITY PRESS:—"Very high praise is due to the correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE (Mr. Williams) for his description of the battle-scenes."

BELFAST NEWS LETTER:—"The most graphic and readable description of the military operations of General Stewart's army while fighting its way on towards Metammeh after leaving the wells at Abou Klea, is admitted all round to be that from the pen of Mr. Charles Williams, the Special Correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE."

NEWCASTLE EVENING EXPRESS:—"The LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE was the only London paper that yesterday published the news of the fall of Khartoum, and it stated that the Government had received the news; but the War Office officials would give no information to the representatives of the press for hours afterwards."

STRAY SHOTS:—"Poor Cameron will not again flash his dashing messages to the 'Standard,' nor St. Leger Herbert wield his flowing pen for the benefit of the 'Morning Post'; yet while mourning the loss of these bold, intrepid men, we must all have noted the sudden appearance among this heroic little brotherhood of one, hitherto obscure, whose despatch on the recent battle is not only much the longest, but also the most vivid in its colouring and realistic in its narrative. I refer to the correspondent of the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE. All authorities are agreed that the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE takes the palm for its masterly description of the battle before Metammeh."

EVENING NEWS:—"It is impossible to read the brilliant description of the battle of Feb. 10 in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE, which has again outstripped its competitors in the excellence of its account of the fighting. Why, such sentences as these in the LONDON DAILY CHRONICLE'S splendid telegram carry us back to the days—when there were men in England—to the days of the old Crimean War, of the Alma.

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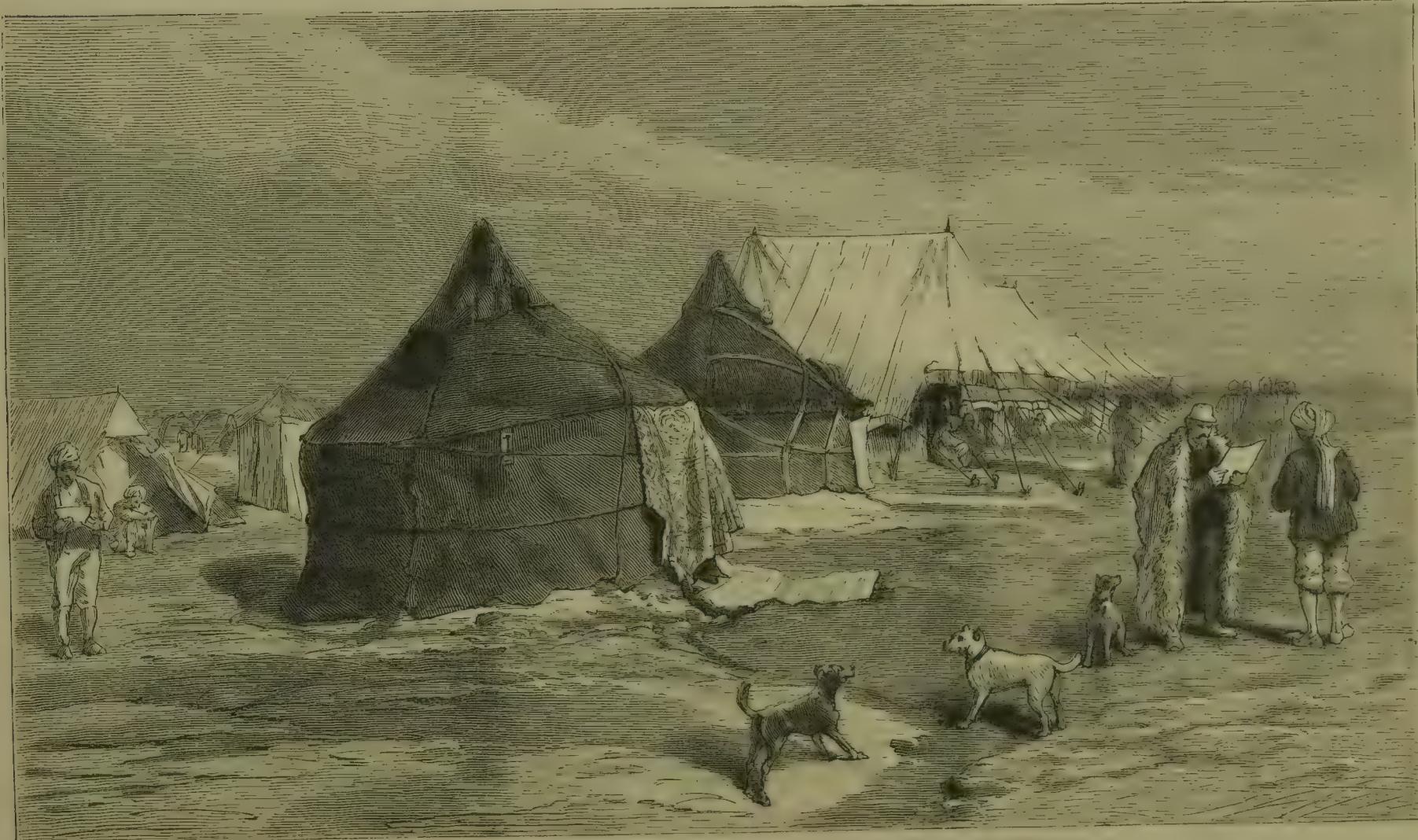
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Bala Murghab, Dec. 19, 1884.

After four days' rest at Kuhsan, which was necessary in many ways for making arrangements resulting from the junction of the two camps, Sir Peter Lumsden started on a visit to Penjeh, on the Murghab. For this purpose, he took only a small part of the camp with him, leaving the heavy portion to go on slowly by way of Kushk and Kila Nau, towards the ground of the proposed winter quarters. With Sir Peter were Captain Barrow, A.D.C., Mr. A. Condie Stephen, Assistant Commissioner, Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, Major Holdich, R.E., of the Survey Department, Captains Durand and De Lassoe, Attachés, and Mohammed Aslam Khan as Native Attaché. Fifty men of the 11th Bengal Lancers formed the escort, under Captain Heath; Surgeon Charles went as the medical officer in charge. Through the favour of Sir Peter Lumsden, I had the advantage of being one of the party. The Kazi Saad-ud-din, as the Ameer of Afghanistan's representative, with a camp of his own, and an Afghan escort, accompanied Sir Peter Lumsden.

We left Kuhsan on Nov. 24, and the other portion of the camp were to leave on the 25th and 26th. Our march was over a plain which rose gently to the east and north, towards which our course lay. This plain I took to be only a continuation of the Dasht-i-Jam, already mentioned in a former letter as stretching away north-west, from the left bank of the Heri-Rud, in the direction of Meshed; the part of it on the right bank over which we marched extended from Kuhsan, on to the south-east towards Herat. Away far in the south could be seen a range with many well-defined peaks, called the Kuh-i-Doshak; while before us was another range of bare hills known as the Kuh-i-Siah Bubuk. The two ranges seemed to approach near to each other at a point which could not be very far distant from Herat. These ranges are the connecting links of the Elburz chain in Persia, with the Koh-i-Baba chain in Afghanistan. About ten or twelve miles from Kuhsan we reached a watershed, and on the eastern side of it were a few small undulations which might be called hills. Our camping ground was on the beginning of some slopes reaching up towards the Siah Bubuk. Here we found a spring of water, and in the early summer the spot would no doubt be green, thus explaining the name of Chesmeh Subz, which means "Green Spring."

Our next march was up the slope from our camp, and over a kotal, or pass, in the Siah Bubuk, called the Durrah Chesmeh Subz. The ascent was easy, but it was rocky and wild on the other side. The Siah Bubuk has rocky ridges along its summit; but its flanks are smoother on the north-east, and as they descend they become rounded masses. From the tops of some of these we got an extensive view away to the north, and could see there rounded hills getting lower and lower as they sank down towards the great plain of Central Asia, the plain itself not being visible. In the valleys we descended there were reeds and long grass, at this season all of them of a light amber colour, and so dry that a lucifer-match would produce a large conflagration. These reeds showed that there was water at some time of the year in those places. The peculiarity is that water appears in the hollows, but before it runs far it is absorbed; a mile or two further on it may appear again, and again it may sink into the ground. This is not peculiar to the mountain rivulets, but it also takes place with the rivers—the Heri-Rud at Sarakhs being an example, as well as the Kushk-Rud, which will shortly be described. It is an important military question as to the supply of water on the space between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, to the north of our line of march. On our official maps, which are far from being correct, there are lines of routes and the names of places. We have no reliable information about them. Some suppose that they are only the paths which the Turkomans have followed in their raids, and that they alone knew where to find water. When on a raid, they dig for it, and find enough for a few men, filling up the source when they leave. Others say that there is only water at certain seasons. This point is almost certain, that nowhere is there water sufficient for the supply of a large body of troops, and that a force of any size would require to keep either to the line of the Heri-Rud or the Murghab. This district between the Heri-Rud and the Murghab, and from Herat north to the Desert, has the name of Badghis. At our first camping ground, after crossing the Siah Bubuk, there was a very nice murmuring stream, which had its source only a short distance above us. It might be about 3 ft. or 4 ft. wide and a few inches deep; it was clear good water. This, I understood, disappeared farther down the valley. Sari Chesmeh, one of the names given to us of this place, means "The Head Spring." A village had stood here, but a long time ago, judging from the state of the ground.

Next day, the march to Kalabagh was over slopes farther removed than the march of yesterday was from the Siah Bubuk; and, as might be expected, they were lower. On our left we passed the Ziaret of Baba Foorkh; it stands on the high ridge of slope; below it, in the hollow, is a spring with some mulberry-trees—I mention these, as trees are so rare in this region, it might be described as "treeless." The ridges over which our march lay seemed at first to be quite out of the zone of cultivation; and the appearance of the ground would have confirmed this, but for the discovery of the remains of water channels. Before reaching Kalabagh, we found the indications of another underground water channel. There is no village at Kalabagh, but there are the mounds and ridges remaining of a considerable town.

From Kalabagh we had to cross three very considerable ridges to Tuttichee, the whole route bare and without trees. The camping ground was close to a number of springs, from which a considerable stream of water flows.

Our next march, to Kara Tapa, on the Kushk-Rud, was a long one, as much as twenty-nine miles. The first half of the march was over the same bare, undulating ground we had been going over for the last day or two; and the last half was along a valley which terminated in the Kushk valley. We had seen game of some kind every morning—small deer principally. On this march we chanced to come upon a considerable variety. There were deer of various kinds, and the gurkhal or wild ass. In the valley, which formed the latter part of our march, the ground was everywhere ploughed up by the wild boar. Five or six of these were come upon at one place, and some of our party attacked them with the lances of our escort. These instruments are not so sharp and penetrating as the pig-sticking spears used in India, and no impression could be made on the animals with them. The pigs were very large and strong, and they were not slow to turn and become the assailants. After about fifteen minutes of chasing and being chased, one of the pigs was shot. The great size of these animals was testified to by our party, who are all familiar with pigs and pig-sticking in India. More than one effort was made to bring away the dead pig, but his weight was too great for any of the means at hand.

The Kushk valley is formed of rounded hills such as we have passed through; they are said to be wholly formed of sand, with here and there a stratum of conglomerate running horizontally through them. There is a flat bottom of alluvial

soil in the valley, which will lens out in places to half a mile or more; this has been all under cultivation at one time, but has long lain fallow. The stream may be about twenty feet wide at Kara Tapa; the water is clear, so that fish can be seen—I noticed one about a foot long. The Turkomans have laid waste all this region, as they did that of the country bordering on the Heri-Rud; from this cause towns and villages have ceased to exist, and mounds only remain to mark the sites. About a century ago there was a large population in this valley. Kara Tapa is one of those large mounds which are peculiar to this part of the globe, which are to be found all over the desert of Central Asia. There is one at Merv. Geok Tepé, by its name, implies one—the word is spelled differently by map-makers. Tapa is here given as the form of the word used by the Indian Survey Department. From Sarakhs along the desert to the Caspian there are numbers of them, and in many cases the word "Tapa" will be found on the map as part of the name of the place. On the Kushk and Murghab Rivers we have seen some very remarkable Tapas, one of which is Kara Tapa, or the "Black Mound." I am now inclined to believe that these mounds are wholly artificial. Kara Tapa stands in the middle of the flat alluvial soil of the Kushk valley, and has the appearance of being wholly heaped up. It was estimated to be seventy or eighty yards across the top, the sides sloping down like a railway embankment to a wider diameter below, and about fifty feet high. There are the ruins of brick walls and towers of defence round the top, but there is nothing but rubbish within. These fortified works I suppose to belong to a very late date in comparison to that of the Tapa itself. The mud walls of some houses are close to the base of the mound; these must have been deserted for some years.

The march to Chaman-i-Bed was down the river, which here flows to the north, at first on the level ground of the valley; but a few miles below we struck into a narrow defile on the left among the rounded hills, and continued winding among them for about eight miles, when we again came out on the valley. This pass is called Chapgal, and it cuts off a long bend of the river. On coming out we found a fine wide space in the valley, with ploughs at work, and men digging out the old filled-up water-courses for irrigation. These men were Saroks from Penjeh, and they were bringing this part of the ground into cultivation for the first time since the former population had left it. We crossed here to the right bank of the Kushk. A few miles below, and near to Chaman-i-Bed, on the east side of the valley, is another of the old Tapas; it is called Kara Tapa Kurd, or "Little Black Mound": the mass of earth heaped up in this case is small in comparison to the other. It is a square platform of earth, over 100 yards on each side, and about 25 ft. high. At the north-west corner there is a more elevated part, standing perhaps as high again as the main body of the mound, and about 20 yards square on the summit. This Tapa has not a vestige of a structure left on its summit; fragments of pottery and a few bits of brick are all that is visible. A very little cleaning up and it would be a beautiful lawn-tennis ground. Round it, more particularly on the south, are the very slight elevations of the ground left by the town which had at one time stood here. These old Tapas could be fortified for the defence of the valley; but unless the hills on each side which dominate them were also made defensive, the labour would be all but thrown away. Still, this may have to be done at some point or another, for the Kushk valley is on the direct route from Merv to Herat; and in the case of an advance to the south by Russia this line would be utilised, as well as the one from Sarakhs along the Heri-Rud.

Kala-i-Maur, our next camping ground after Chaman-i-Bed, is also an old Tapa, with the ruins of a mediæval brick fort on it. The mound is very large and irregular in form, and the town, of which the mounds remain, must also have been of considerable size. Judging by the remains, this must have been a very important place in its day. It stands on the left bank of the river, on slightly elevated ground, which is not closed in on the west, neither is it dominated by the hills around. Below Chaman-i-Bed, the Kushk disappears; for about fifteen miles we found no water, only the dry stony bed, which is filled up when there are rains. At Kala-i-Maur the water comes again to the surface.

It was at first arranged that we were to march from Kala-i-Maur to Ak Tapa in one day; but it was twenty-eight miles, so the march was divided into two, and we went on the first day to a place only nine miles away, and encamped on the right bank of the Kushk. Here we found water in the river, but on visiting Pul-i-Khisti, where the Kushk joins the Murghab, we found the bed of the river perfectly dry. As most of our march to Ak Tapa was away from the river, we had not the chance of noticing where the water disappeared. On our march down the Kushk, we found that the Saroks were occupying the valley towards its lower end, and were bringing it into cultivation. Villages were also springing up, and we found at the lower end of the valley a good number of men clearing out one of the larger irrigation canals. Crops had been raised last year in some parts. The men we saw above Chaman-i-Bed, as already stated, were ploughing for the first season.

On arriving at Ak Tapa, the Afghan garrison at that place was turned out, and stood in a long line on an elevated plateau of ground, which extended from the point where we turned out of the Kushk valley to about half a mile from Ak Tapa, a distance of about five or six miles. As we neared the line of troops, the officer commanding them, General Ghous-ud-din Khan, rode forward to receive Sir Peter Lumsden, and a salute of seventeen guns was fired. The Afghan troops were advanced to Ak Tapa a few months ago, on account of some movements of the Russians on the line of the Murghab about that time.

The official maps, it turns out, are very incorrect; that will be easily understood when it is remembered how few Europeans have visited this part of the world. Major Holdich, from his observations, finds that Penjeh should be placed on the map 12 min. 30 sec. east and 5 min. 42 sec. north of where it is now represented; all the places round will have to be moved distances more or less the same. Maruchak has to be moved on the map east 25 min. 30 sec. and north 2 min. 9 sec.; Bala Murghab has also to be put east 13 min. 3 sec. and north 4 min. 30 sec. The minutes in these figures roughly represent miles. On the official map Ak Tapa is represented on the west of the Kushk river, whereas it is on the east. It is situated on a piece of flat alluvial ground, round which the Murghab passes in a winding course before it is joined by the Kushk. On the larger edition of the map, the bridge over the Kushk is rendered "Bridge of Boats," but the Persian name is Pul-i-Khisti, and not Kishti; this word means *boat*, but the word in its name should be rendered *brick*—hence it is the "Brick Bridge," which describes the material of which it is built. The bridge has nine arches, and from its appearance it probably belongs to about the same date as the Pul-i-Khatun on the Heri-Rud. It is much decayed, but is still serviceable; at some time it has been used to take the water of a large irrigation canal over the Kushk.

Ak Tapa is the largest of these old mounds we have yet seen. I think it is even larger than the one at Old Sarakhs.

It is triangular in plan, and the top measures 300 yards in length by 150 about its widest part; add to this that its height is about 100 feet, and some idea may be formed of this huge mass of earth. The earth of which it is formed is of a lightish grey, and seen from a distance, when the sun shines, it appears to be white, and from that it gets its name of Ak, the Turkoman word for that colour. There are no remains of walls on it; only the fragments of earthenware usually seen upon old sites are visible. The earth has been thrown up to form a slight parapet round its crest by the Afghan troops, and a few embrasures for the guns have been made. There are a tent or two on the top for the guard, and the troops are encamped in tents below. The camp of the Afghan Boundary Commission was pitched on the left bank of the Murghab, at some distance on the south-east from the Tapa. Ak Tapa must have had a military value at one time, for it commands both the Murghab and Kushk valleys. There are hills on the east from which it could now be commanded by modern artillery. The place is still important; and, as it defends the two valleys, it may yet have to be made into a place of strength, in view of possible future contingencies. There has been a town at this locality also; for the large mounds are supposed to have been only citadels. On the plateau to the west the earth is full of bits of pottery.

We stopped a day at Ak Tapa, and then moved on to Penjeh. About six miles to the south nearly the whole distance is covered with Sarok villages, formed of kibitkas. The Sarok Turkomans have come south from the Merv district, and have become Afghan subjects. The Murghab, as well as the Kushk valley, was without inhabitants, and its fields were lying waste. Some years ago the Saroks arrived, and they have restored the place to life again. Some of their chiefs came along the Kushk valley, and met Sir Peter Lumsden on the third march from Ak Tapa; crowds of the Saroks turned out to see our arrival, and the outskirts of the camp were generally fringed with them, eager to look at the Feringees, and watch what they were doing. There was a good deal of trade going on in the purchase of carpets, and other articles, by our people. A considerable quantity of Indian rupees and Persian coins was left among them, so we may suppose that they will retain a pleasant recollection of us. At Penjeh we remained two days; one of these days was principally occupied by a visit from the Governor of Herat, who had followed us up; and Sir Peter Lumsden paid a visit to Yalintoosh Khan, the chief of the Jamsheedies.

There are the ruins, little more than mounds, of an old fort, and the evident remains of a town around it; these also are nothing more than mounds, on the west side of the river. A man called it "Kona Pendie," by which he meant Old Penjeh. If there is a new Penjeh, we did not see it, unless it be the kibitka villages of the Saroks, and they extend for over twenty miles along both banks of the Murghab. We were scarcely prepared for such a large sized river as we found here. It is as wide as Regent-street, of considerable depth, with a large volume of bluish-grey water flowing steadily past. When towns of importance, equal to those we have traced the remains of, come into existence again on its banks, "penny boats" will be shooting along from pier to pier. Fords are very few, and the one we crossed at Maruchak had at least four feet of water in its deepest part. I heard some one estimate the breadth of the valley at Penjeh as about four or five miles; whether this is exact or not, there is a large width of ground, which had been cultivated when the valley was prosperous and full of inhabitants. The mounds were the remains of large towns, and they are a sure evidence of the population that once existed and found subsistence on the banks fertilised by the waters of the Murghab.

The march to Bund-i-Nadri was along the western side of the valley; about half way, the sandy hills on this side project considerably into the plain, narrowing it very much. Our road ascended the heights, but about a mile or so to the south we descended again, and found the valley nearly as wide as at Penjeh. Our camp was pitched on a piece of level ground close to the hills. The Bund-i-Nadri was not far from us, but it turned out to be the Old Bund, which had been made on a bed of the river, which the water of the Murghab had forsaken, and a new bund, or dam, higher up, was mentioned as having been made. The Bund-i-Nadri Canal, a large water-course for irrigation, flowed past close to us; it was filled with a beautiful clear stream. This is the canal whose water had been led, at some former period, across the Pul-i-Khisti.

Our next march was also on the western side of the valley, along the base of the hills; and again we left the level soil, to pass through a hollow among them, which extended for some miles. On coming out again on the valley, we passed a Turkoman village, which I understood was the last of them towards the south. We struck across the valley to the river, where there are the piers only of a brick bridge standing. At this place there is a ford, which we crossed. Sir Peter Lumsden placed a number of Turkomans across the river, along the whole line of the ford, thus carrying out the military rule, which was very necessary, as the ford was far from being a straight line, and the current was strong. By this means all got over in perfect safety; even mild Hindoos, on very small baggage-animals, who smoke and sleep instead of looking out where they are going, crossed scathless. Our camp was formed close to the ford, and for the first time on the right bank of the Murghab.

Maruchak is on the same side; it is some distance from the river, and little over a mile from the ford. We were rather surprised at the extent of its walls, which would imply that the place had been inhabited at a later period than the other ruined towns we had seen. Our party found pheasants very plentiful at Maruchak, and there was some good shooting there. From Maruchak to Karaoul Khan, which was the ground of our next march, has not yet been repopulated, and the whole space is at present in the condition of a vast game preserve. The birds flew up in great numbers, and when the sportsmen came in covering the ground with long rows of dead pheasants, the only complaint heard referred to the deficiency of cartridges.

After passing Maruchak, the hills change in their form; below that place they are undulating and rounded, but the curves have a very long radius. Above Maruchak they form small rounded knobs, with steep sides, all the way up to Bala Murghab, to the south of which the geology entirely changes. The march from Maruchak to Karaoul Khan was on the right bank of the river. Towards the end of the march, we struck to the left, through a gorge formed by the steep sides of these mamelon hills, and came out again about a mile further on. Karaoul Khan is the site of an old town; judging by the mounds, it had not been of great size. Here a valley comes in from the left, and had the first idea of winter quarters beyond the Murghab been carried out, we were to have moved in this direction. But a change had been made, and Bala Murghab had been determined upon, so from Karaoul Khan we marched, still on the right bank of the river, and came on here, arriving on Dec. 12.

The other party, with the heavy part of the baggage, came in the next day. They followed our route as far as Tuttichee, where they struck off to the right in the direction of Kushk. We expected to meet them at Bala Murghab on the day we arrived, but they entered the valley of the Murghab by another valley which brought them four miles below, and on the west

side of the river; they had thus to cross to our side, on the right bank, which they did at a ford where they came out of the other valley. This took them all day, for the camels are slow at such operations. As it was getting dark before they managed to get over, they encamped there, and marched in here the next morning.

Bala Murghab, and the account of our winter quarters here, will be described in another letter. The severity of the winter is a subject on which we receive different estimates. Some say that the cold will be great; while others talk of a little snow, which will melt again in a day or so. The duration of the winter is also uncertain. It is at times very cold at nights, and warm again in the daytime, when the sun shines. Our party coming from Teheran have been very lucky in the matter of weather; with the exception of a slight shower or so at Shahrud, we have not had a drop of rain the whole way. Two days ago the sky became cloudy, and some rain fell; but it was very little. The weather is again bright and sunny, but of course cold at nights.

Had the Russian Commissioners come to Sarakhs at the time appointed—about the first or second week in November—a month's work, at least, might have been got through. A beginning would have been made, and it would have reduced and simplified the work to be done in the spring.

With reference to the places mentioned by our Special Artist in the foregoing letter, we have to remark that the last week's Number of this Journal contained his Sketches of the Kushk Valley, Kara Tapa, Kala-i-Maur, Ak Tapa, the junction of the Kushk and Murghab rivers, and Kona Penjdeh, with a View of Pul-i-Khisti, on the Kushk river, about six miles south-west of Penjdeh. The relative positions of the two places last named were incorrectly described both by Lord

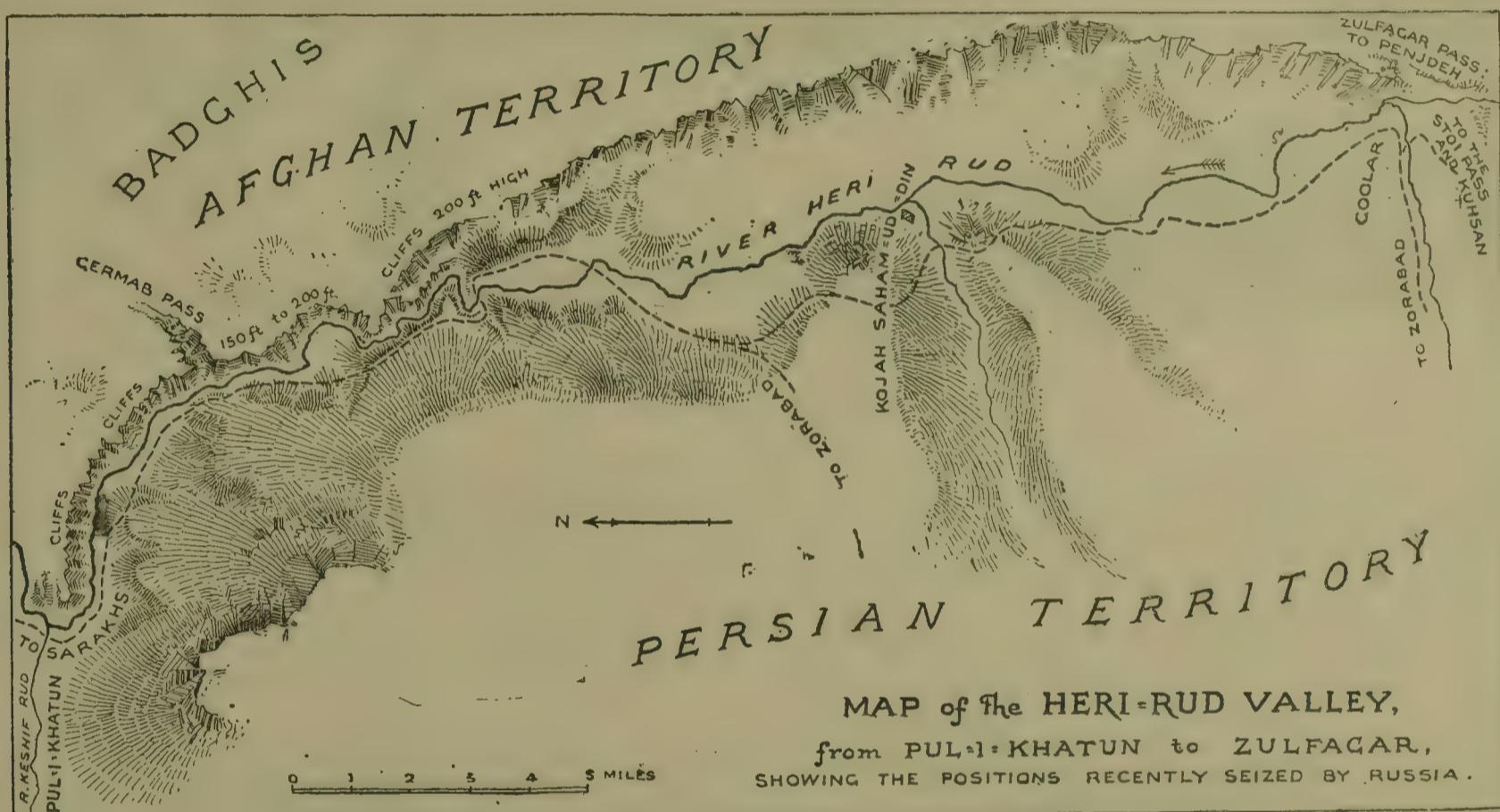
Granville and by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in their statements in Parliament last week, when they spoke of Pul-i-Khisti as situated "north" of Penjdeh; and this is evidently owing to the error in the official map, recently detected by Major Holdich on the spot, and reported by our Special Artist. He informs us that Penjdeh is really situated more to the north-east, nearly twelve miles and a half from the site indicated on the official map. We believe that this point is of great political importance in the present dispute between the Russian and British Governments. The small Map of the Badghis country presented in our last, though a mere rough outline, correctly showed Pul-i-Khisti on the Kushk river south-west of Penjdeh, and about the same distance above the junction of the Kushk with the Murghab at Ak Tapa.

ON THE MURGHAB.

A notable place on the Murghab, twenty-eight miles above Penjdeh, visited by our Special Artist on his way to Bala Murghab, as he relates in the letter we now publish, is Maruchak, of which he has sent us several Sketches. The fording-place over the river, a mile from the town, is shown in one of the Illustrations published this week. Maruchak, on the right or east bank of the Murghab, was anciently a large and prosperous town; "now," says Mr. Simpson, "it is nothing but ruins. The Afghans are at present placing it in a state of repair. The outer wall is only of mud, or sun-dried bricks, and is, in some parts, in a very decayed condition. Over these walls the top of the citadel may be seen. This is one of the old mounds, of which we have observed similar remains in this country. It measures about 80 by 70 yards on the top. The old walls and towers are now being put in a condition of defence. From this citadel there is a great ramp, which runs in a circular form, from the north-west corner to the south-

east corner. It is most probably the old wall, inclosing what had been the town at one period; the ramp has much the appearance of being the remains of a mud wall which has crumbled down into dust. The Afghans are now repairing it all round, so as to make it an encinte for barracks, so that it will accommodate troops. The outer wall, already described, is to be levelled, as being too large for the garrison which the Afghans can afford to keep in it. There are the remains of a few mud houses within the outer wall; but, with the exception of the Afghans employed on the fort, there are no inhabitants. One of my Sketches is taken from the inside of the outer wall, and shows the Arg or citadel of Maruchak. It will be seen that the Arg is simply a large square mound of earth. The ridge from it running to the left is the great high ramp, which I have suggested may be the remains of a wall. It has been repaired on the top, and a cab might now be almost driven upon it. This Sketch shows a portion of the inside of the outer wall. The figures in the Sketch on the top of the Arg are the men at work rebuilding the walls."

The Murghab valley, from Tapa Bund-i-Nadri, is the View represented in another Sketch. This valley narrows in some places, and widens again; at Penjdeh there is a considerable width; above that it becomes narrow from the hills running into the valley, and it opens out at Bund-i-Nadri. It varies from a mile or a mile and half to perhaps four or five miles in width. This space is the flat bed of the valley, which may be nearly all cultivated. It implies a large capacity for the production of food, and explains why there are the ruins of so many large towns on the banks of the Murghab. The water covered with reeds, near the foreground, is an old bed of the Murghab. The river has now changed its position, and may be seen to the left of the View. The reeds here grow sometimes 20 ft. high.



DRAWN BY CAPTAIN A. F. BARROW, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL SIR PETER LUMSDEN, BRITISH AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSIONER.

It was on Dec. 8 that Sir Peter Lumsden's party, having marched up the left bank of the Murghab from Penjdeh, crossed the river at Maruchak. Our Artist's Sketch of the fording-place shows the remains of an old bridge; the arches have fallen in, and the piers only are standing. On the centre pier are the remains of what seems to have been a tower. The foundations would appear to have been carried away, and the piers have leaned over, the central one looking like a stranded ship. The ford was close below the bridge, and it was crossed according to military rule; that is, Turkomans were placed along the line of the shallow part of the stream, so as to indicate the exact line to be followed. The Murghab is deep, and flows with a considerable current, so that if any of the camp-followers, crossing on mules or small ponies, had gone only a few feet off the correct line, they would have been swept away, and their chances, in such a case, of being saved, would have been very slight. From the precautions that were taken, all got over in perfect safety, though many of the animals were up to their girths in the middle of the river. In the distance the walls of Maruchak can be seen.

Bala Murghab, which the expedition reached on Dec. 12, was substituted as its winter quarters for Chahar Shamba, the place originally intended, which is forty or fifty miles east of the Murghab, on the road, we believe, to Maimene. The View of Bala Murghab shows a large mud fort which belongs to the Afghans, and has a garrison of their soldiers. There are some artillery here, and on Sir Peter Lumsden's arrival a salute of seventeen guns was given. The smoke of this is represented in the Illustration. The View is taken looking south, where a range of high hills can be seen, which are called the Tirkund-i-Turkestan; on the right there is a large break, through which the Murghab river flows. The river passes round the fort, and gives strength to its position.

ON THE HERI-RUD.

It will be recollect that the two rivers Murghab and Heri-Rud, flowing generally in a somewhat parallel direction beyond the hills north of Herat, with the country of Badghis inclosed between them, include the portion of the Afghan frontier which has been invaded by Russia. Having given some account of the eastern river, the Murghab, with its tributary, the Kushk, from Mr. Simpson's notes and the letter describing his journey to Bala Murghab, we will now speak of the Heri-Rud, which is the boundary river of Persia and Afghanistan down to Sarakhs, and which was therefore first approached by our Special Artist when he travelled eastward from Persia. He arrived, with the members of the British Commission, at Sarakhs on Nov. 7, and on the 11th they moved up the Heri-Rud to Nau-

ruzabad, thence to Pul-i-Khatun, Khojah Saham-ud-din, Goolar, and on through the Stoi Pass to Kuhsan, where they were met by the Afghan Governor of Herat, Kazi Saad-ud-din, and by the Assistant Boundary Commissioner from India, Colonel Ridgeway, with his escort, consisting of the 11th Bengal Lancers and the 20th Punjaub Infantry. From Kuhsan, on Nov. 24, after the junction of these "two camps," as mentioned at the beginning of Mr. Simpson's letter, General Sir Peter Lumsden set forth to cross the upper part of Badghis to his winter quarters on the Murghab.

Kuhsan, sixty-eight miles from the city of Herat, on the frontier of the Persian territory of Khorassan, stands on the Heri-Rud where that river bends from a westerly to a northerly direction. The Heri-Rud, a beautiful river fertilising and enriching the valleys of North-Western Afghanistan, rises in the highlands of Hazara, and flows from east to west between the broad mountain range which the Greeks named the Paropamisus, now called the Safed Koh or "White Mountain," and the Siah Koh, to the city of Herat, and thence to Ghorian, where it turns north-west to Kuhsan. This district, copiously irrigated by artificial canals, was once populous and wealthy; it is one of the most ancient seats of civilisation. In the Middle Ages, during at least four centuries, Herat was one of the finest cities, and its province one of the most productive, in Central Asia. From Kuhsan to Sarakhs, by the road following the course of the Heri-Rud, the distance is eighty-four miles. This is the road on which the Russians have recently advanced more than half way, seizing Pul-i-Khatun, nearly forty miles from Sarakhs, and recently the Zulfagar Pass, thirty miles higher up the river, where an opening through the wall of cliffs on the eastern bank gives access to the interior of Badghis, and through Ak Robat to the Kushk valley and the Murghab.

Sarakhs, which the Russians were permitted to occupy soon after their conquest of Merv, and from which the understood line of Afghan boundary was to have been drawn eastward to the Oxus by the Joint Commission, consists of Old and New Sarakhs, three miles and a half apart, situated on opposite sides of the Heri-Rud, the bed of which, at that particular place, was dry at the season when the British Commission arrived there. This place belonged to Persia, but Old Sarakhs, on the eastern side, was handed over to the Russians by the Persian Governor. When our Special Artist visited Old Sarakhs, the Russian Governor-General of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, General Komaroff, was there, but only a few Russian troops, who were Akhal Turkomans recently enlisted in the Russian army. The Sketch now given shows the remains of the old city, which is entirely deserted; to the east and north there

are a number of reed huts with a few people living in them. Old Sarakhs, as the Sketch will show, is merely a square mound, rising high above the present level of the desert, and this mound is no doubt an accumulation of rubbish formed by the destruction of houses and the rebuilding of them during a long course of time. The ruined walls of one building are all that stands of the old town; the rest of the space is a mass of bricks and weeds. The walls are of burned brick, but are in a very crumbling state. The town itself evidently has not had an inhabitant for many years. On the north and east are the remains of crumbling mud walls, which may have been inhabited since the old city was left to decay. The old tomb seen to the right of this view is called Baba Ogle; but there is a tradition that it is the tomb of Abel, the tomb of Cain being at New Sarakhs.

New Sarakhs, which is still occupied by the Persians, is on the western bank of the Heri-Rud, 300 yards from the river bed. It is of late date, and is possessed of the usual mud walls, with towers. The wall incloses a space of 700 yards diameter. The governor, Ali Mardan Khan, who has to deal with the whole of the frontier of this part of Persia, lives in the town, and has four or five hundred troops. Although the walls cover a good amount of ground, there are very few people in the place. In the Sketch, the mound of Old Sarakhs is just visible in the distance; in the foreground is one of the usual towers of refuge. Mr. Simpson made a separate sketch of the Meshed Gate of New Sarakhs, which shows the character of the crenelated walls and the towers. There are only two gates to the town—this gate, and another towards the north, called the Bokhara gate. Inside of the Meshed gate is the Arg, or citadel, where the governor lives, and the garrison have their quarters. A wall separates this from the other part of the town. There is a ditch, perhaps 10 or 12 feet deep, and nearly 20 feet wide, round the walls, with a covered way, or *chemin de ronde*, between the wall and the ditch. There are six small brass guns placed at various points, but the mud walls could offer no defence to a regular attack.

A curious feature of the river above Sarakhs is the dam, or "bund," as it would be termed in India, at Kizil Koi, by which the water is diverted into streams for artificial irrigation. Kizil-Koi is eight miles higher up the river, between Sarakhs and Pul-i-Khatun. This dam, which is a very primitive affair, being made of wattles and earth, fills a water-course, which supplies Old Sarakhs; and New Sarakhs receives its supply of water on the other side of the Heri-Rud from a point not far distant. All cultivation in this region is done by means of irrigation derived from rivers and streams; and the protection of "water supply" is an important part of the frontier question. On the ordinary maps it will be seen that the Heri-

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

Afghan Troops saluting.

Sir P. Lumsden, with Afghan General.

Escort of Bengal Lancers.



ARRIVAL OF SIR PETER LUMSDEN, WITH HIS STAFF, AT THE AFGHAN FORT OF AK TAPA.

Rud goes by a different name to the north of Sarakhs. After disappearing there in its dry channel, it reappears lower down, and is known thenceforth as the Tejend, which finally sinks into the sand of the desert. In the rainy season, however, there is a large river flowing down the whole course.

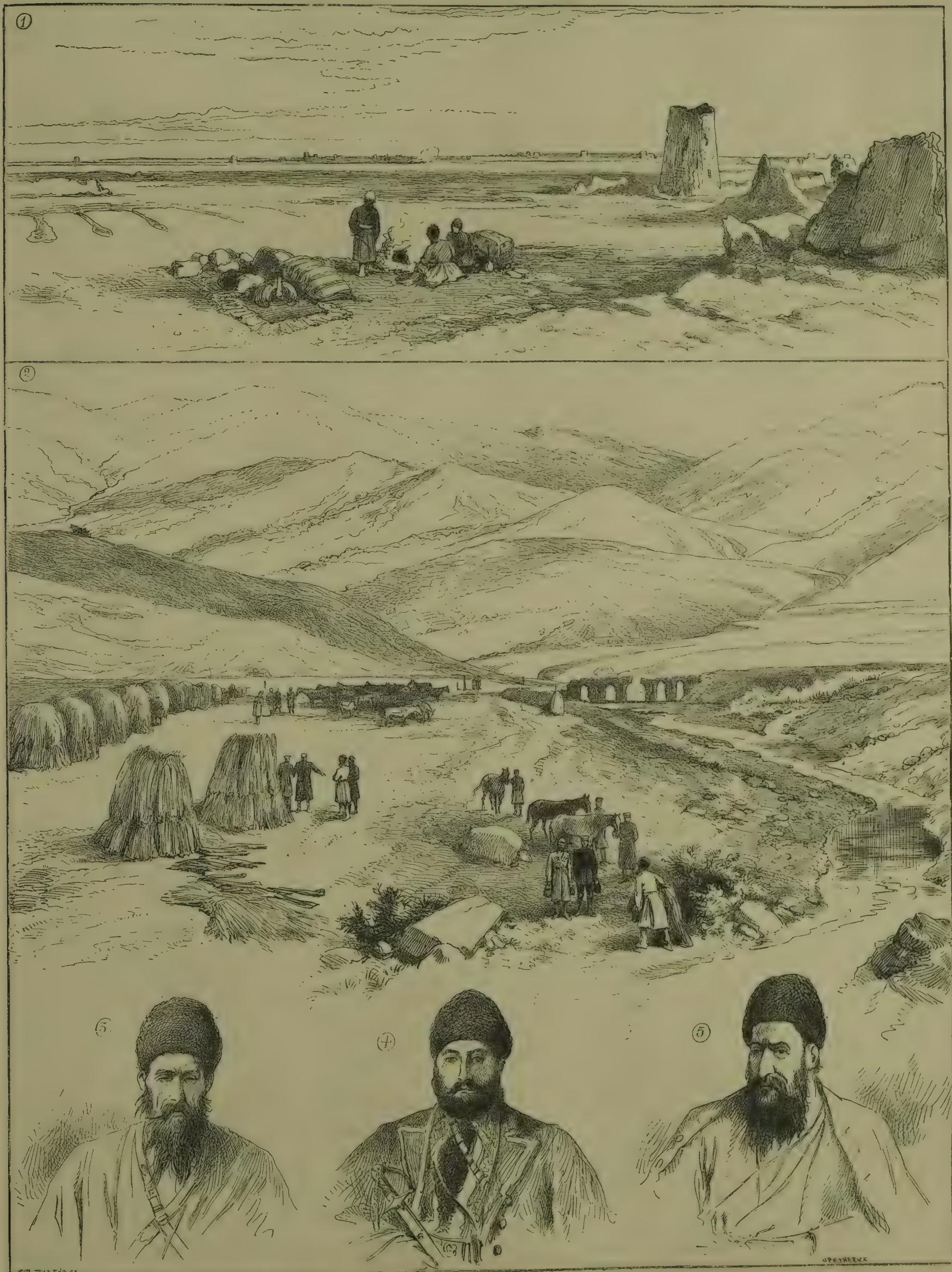
Pul-i-Khatun, with the Russian advance picket camp at that place, is the subject of another Sketch. "The camp," says Mr. Simpson, "is on the right bank of the Heri-Rud, just below the bridge, and is composed of about a dozen reed huts; at the time of my visit, there might be about fifty or sixty men,

perhaps half a sotnia. Pul-i-Khatun is very nearly forty miles south of Sarakhs, and is all that distance nearer to Herat. The ground on the left bank of the river is within the Persian frontier. The frontier of Afghanistan has been put on maps as beginning at Sarakhs; but till the Frontier Commission have accomplished their labours, the exact point must remain undetermined. Whether the Russians will hold to Pul-i-Khatun, as within their frontier, remains to be seen. There is no doubt that it has advantages as a military position. At ordinary times, the Heri-Rud is easily crossed almost anywhere,

but in the rains there are few places where it can be forded. The Keshef-Rud has been our road eastward from Meshed, and we see the importance of the bridge here as a means of communication—that is, before the arch was destroyed. The bridge is said to have been erected by a wife of Timour. 'Pul' is the ordinary Persian word for bridge, and 'khatun' means lady; hence the name, translated into English, is 'The Lady's Bridge.' It is built of brick, and has been a substantial structure. The central arch was destroyed about sixty years ago in some frontier war. There are the ruins of a caravan-



BREAKFAST ON THE MARCH.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

1. New Sarakhs, View from north-west.

2. Pul-i-Khatun, with Russian Picket Camp, on the Heri-Rud.

4. The Naib Ulhukmut, Mohammed Sarwar Khan, Afghan Governor of Herat.

3. Wali Mohammed Khan, a Jamsheedie.

5. Masrullah Khan, a Persian "Sertip" or Colonel, a Jami.

UPPERICK

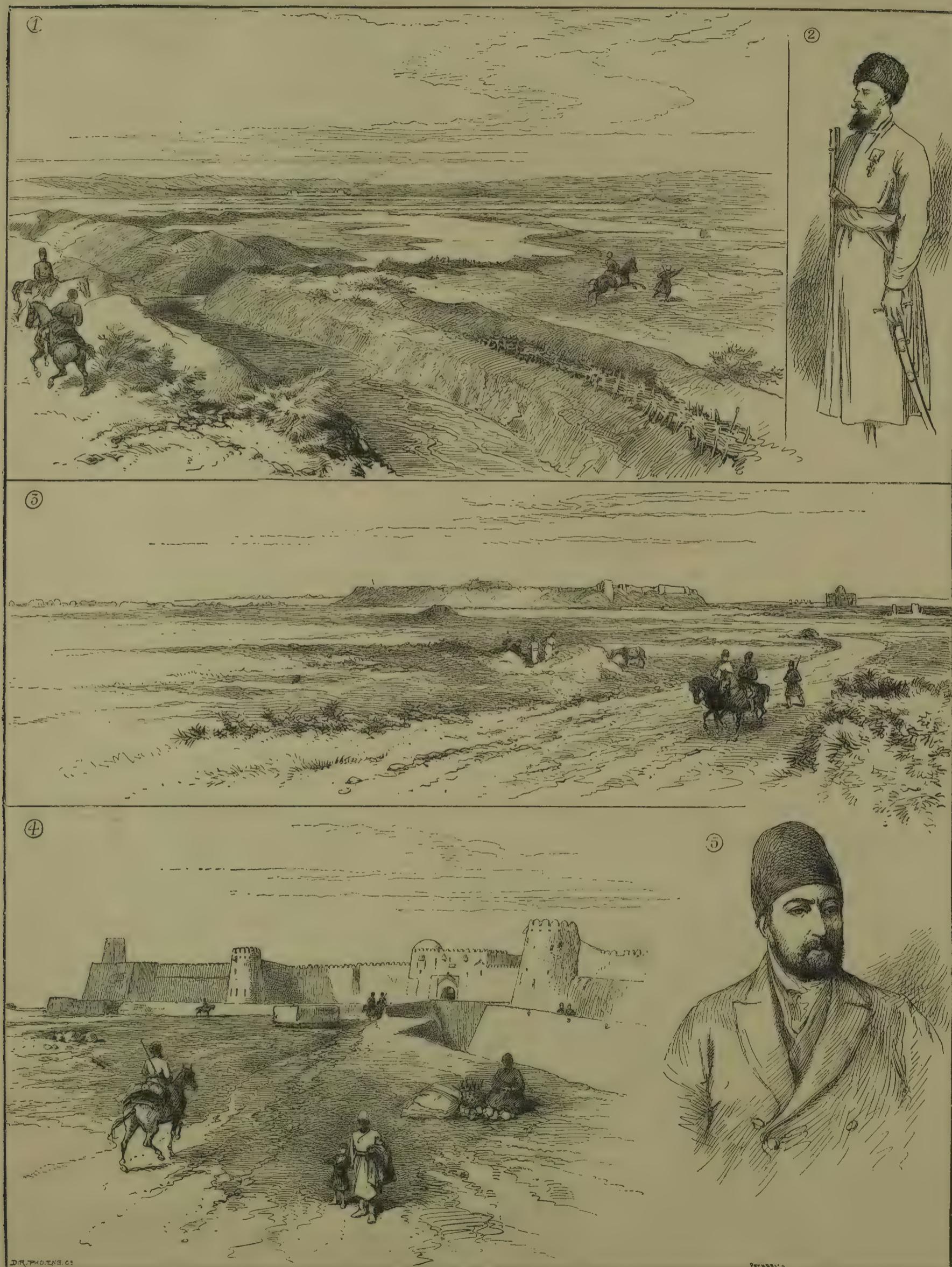


HERAT, THE CAPITAL OF WESTERN AFGHANISTAN.



WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: BUNGRA, OR KHATTUK DANCE, PERFORMED BY THE 20TH PUNJAB INFANTRY AT BALA MURGHAB.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

WITH THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.
SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON.



1. The Bund or Dam of the Heri-Rud at Kizil Koi.
4. New Sarakhs (Persian); the Meshed Gate.

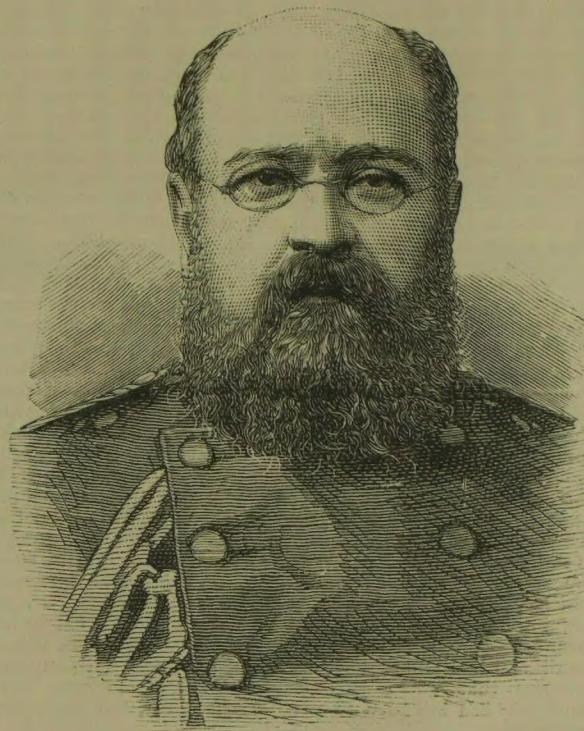
2. A Tekke Turkoman Russian Soldier, from Akhal.

3. Old Sarakhs: Russian Officers riding.
5. The Amir Ali Mardin Khan (Nusrat-ul-Mulk), Persian Governor of New Sarakhs.

serai on the Persian side of the bridge, standing on the right bank of the Keshef-Rud. The date of its erection is given as in Timour's time. The View taken by me is looking south, and the high hills forming the background are all on the Persian side. The Keshef-Rud is a small stream which enters the Heri-Rud on its left bank only a few yards below the bridge."

The following notes, by Captain Arthur F. Barrow, supplied to our Special Artist with the Map of the Heri-Rud Valley, have some value with reference to any military operations in that locality:—"From Sarakhs as far as Pul-i-Khatun, movement on either bank presents no difficulties. To Daulatabad, twelve miles south of Sarakhs, both banks are level; from that to Pul-i-Khatun, the right bank dominates, and all movements on the right bank are under cover, and fully concealed from observation from the left bank; while, on the other hand, no military movement whatever could possibly be carried on upon the left bank, within at least six miles of the river, without full cognizance of the right bank. The river itself, by reason of its depth and width, is nowhere a military obstacle. At Pul-i-Khatun, the road passes through a narrow gorge; it is a mere track with steep gradients, and thence, as far as Goolar, would present great difficulties to the advance of even a small flying column with the lightest guns. Without weeks of labour, it could not be relied upon as a main line of communication practicable for heavy artillery with its ammunition column, with the ambulance and the heavy-wheeled transport and impedimenta of a large army. The river is, on the east side, shut out from Badghis by a steppe, which drops precipitously into it, the cliffs averaging from 150 ft. to 200 ft. in height. In this curtain there are two gaps, by which access to the river is obtained, called respectively the Germab and Zulfagan Passes. From Goolar, our route lay to the west of the river, which passes, it is said, through an impracticable gorge; several other routes are, however, available—one by way of Zorabad, where water is found; and there is said to be very little natural obstacle to an advance beyond Goolar by those routes. Enough has been said here to show that the possession of Pul-i-Khatun, by any Power which anticipates advancing on Herat in the future, is a desideratum of considerable value; for access to the Pass would naturally result in the immediate construction of a good road, along a stream of excellent water. At the same time, it must not be overlooked that the impenetrable nature of the cliffs, on the east bank of the river, render the use of this route, as a main line of advance, open to the very serious military objection that no lateral communication could exist with parallel lines of advance on that side; and that, in any combined movement, the force using this road might be met and defeated, at its exit, by a superior force of the enemy, while the other columns were being detained by inferior forces, occupying strong defensive positions. The occupation of Pul-i-Khatun by a weak Power, opposed to the advance of an army on Herat, and by one to which, owing to distance from its base, paucity of troops, or want of money, the conversion of Pul-i-Khatun into a defensive position is an impossibility, would at any rate result in the road remaining in its present condition; and would thereby deny its use to an enemy, at least for some considerable time after the declaration of hostilities."

The journey of the British Commissioner's party, accompanied by our Special Artist, from Teheran, the capital of Persia, to Bala Murghab, the farthest point eastward they have reached, including the detour between Sarakhs and Kuhsan, was a distance of nearly a thousand miles, all the way on horseback, and was performed between Oct. 2 and Dec. 12. An ordinary incident of the latter part of this long journey, "Breakfast on the March," after leaving Meshed, and



GENERAL ALEXANDER KOMAROFF,
RUSSIAN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE TRANS-CASPIAN PROVINCES.

in the Afghan territory, is represented in one of our Artist's Sketches. Sir Peter Lumsden, Mr. A. Condie Stephen, Major Holdich, R.E., Captains A. F. Barrow, De Lassoe, Durand, and Heath, Dr. Charles, Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, and Mr. Simpson, are the breakfasting party, and the dog "Jack" is waiting for scraps. The martial-looking attendant, wearing a sword, gold-laced frock-coat, top-boots, and a Persian hat, is Nasser, a Per-ian "abdarie," the official purveyor of meals for the travellers. One of his assistants, named Assad Beg, has been in London with Mr. Alison, of the Teheran Legation. The cooking apparatus, with the servants, is seen in the background.

Sir Peter Lumsden's arrival at Ak Tapa, with his staff and escort of the 11th Bengal Lancers, accompanied by Kazi Saad-ud-din, the representative of the Ameer of Cabul, is the subject of another Sketch. The Afghan commander of the fort, General Ghous-ud-din Khan, has ridden forward to shake hands with Sir Peter; and, upon a sign from him, the trumpeter sounds a blast, and the Afghan troops fire a salute of seventeen volleys.

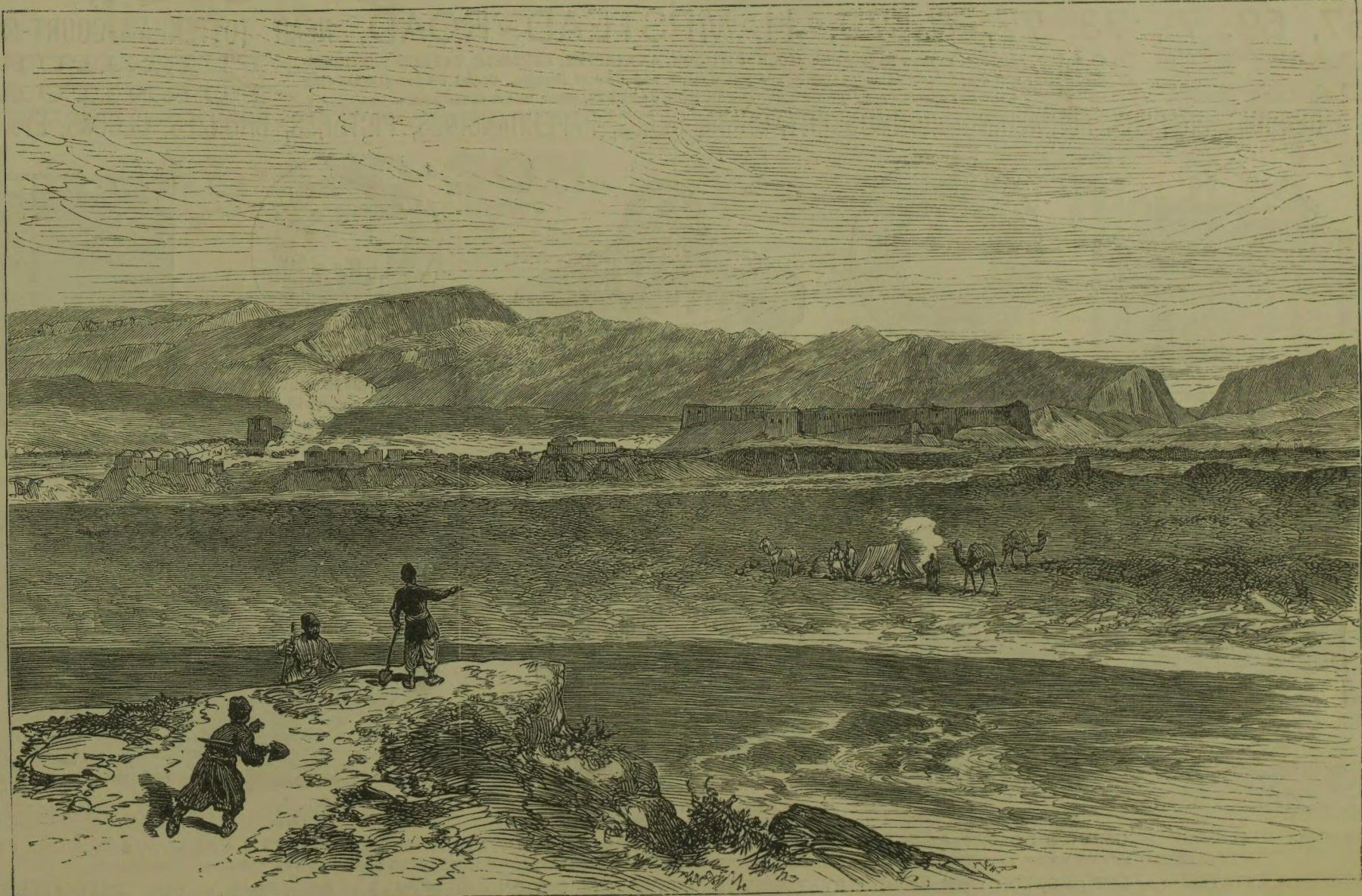
The Portraits given in this Number require a little comment. Mr. Simpson went alone to Old Sarakhs, to call on General Komaroff, the Russian Governor-General of the Trans-Caspian Provinces, who received him courteously, and entered into an interesting conversation on archaeological topics. We present his Portrait, from a photograph taken at Tiflis, which

he has sent to London for Mr. Simpson. Our Artist met also, at Old Sarakhs, the Governor of Merv, Colonel Alikhanoff, whose name was originally Ali Khan, being a Mussulman by birth, a native of Daghestan, in Circassia, but educated at Tiflis. He has the manners of a Russian gentleman, and is a clever amateur artist; he sketched for Mr. Simpson the figure of one of his Turkoman soldiers, a Tekke of Akhal. The Persian Governor of New Sarakhs, and of the whole frontier along the Heri-Rud, is now the Amir Ali Mardan Khan, an important chief of the Taimouris, in Khorassan, who usually resides at Meshed. He bears the honorary title of "Nusrat-ul-Mulk," and is a person of dignity; he entertained the British Commissioner in a handsome style. Ali Mardan Khan wrote his name on the Sketch in Persian characters, and here it is: A Persian Sertip, or Colonel, named Masrullah Khan, a "Jami" or native of the district called Jam, on the border of Khorassan next to Herat, commanded the Persian escort from Meshed to Sarakhs, and thence to Kuhsan, where it was relieved by the Indian escort. This Persian officer is likewise a feudal chieftain, and is to be appointed governor of Jam. Wali Mohammed Khan, who was sent with a hundred sowars by the Ameer of Cabul to attend on the British Commissioner, is a Jamsheddie, one of the mixed Persian and Turkoman race inhabiting the country from Herat to the northern frontier of Afghanistan.

The encampment at Bala Murghab, where the members of the British Commission passed their Christmas, partly consisted, for the accommodation of the Indian soldiers, of Turkoman tents, which are peculiar in construction. They are called by the Turkoman people "alachuk," by the Persians and Afghans "khiryah," and by the Russians "kibitka." The lower part is formed of a series of cross pieces of wood, fixed together, so that, like the action of a pair of scissors at each crossing, they can be extended or contracted at pleasure, according to the diameter required. This part, with the framework of the door, is first put up, and held together with belts made of wool. The crown of the tent has a circular piece of wood pierced with holes; into these holes are placed the ends of one or two long pieces of stick, and then the crown is erected, and held there by tying the lower end of the sticks to the top of the circular framework. Having fixed the crown with one or two of the sticks, sticks are then placed all round the tent, to support the roof. When this is done, the whole is covered with thick felts, which are strapped on with belts and ropes. A small piece of felt forms a hood to cover the crown; this can be moved by a rope, so as to make an opening on any side desired to let out the smoke or let in light. The advantage of the kibitka is the absence of the central pole, with a greater protection from cold than in a canvas tent, and a fire can be made in it with safety. It is approved by the medical officers for the hospital of the camp.

The men of Major Meiklejohn's 20th Punjaub Infantry, on the evening of New-Year's Day, entertained themselves with a "bungra," or wild dance, peculiar to their native district, the Khattuk Hills, between the Indus and Peshawur. The scene as they capered round the fire, all flourishing their swords, to the sound of fife and drum, is well represented in our Special Artist's Sketch. It was witnessed by Sir Peter Lumsden and most of the officers in camp at Bala Murghab.

Our Special Artist has not yet visited the city of Herat, but we are enabled to present a View, taken from the citadel on the northern side, furnished by a correspondent some years ago. Herat, now a town of 50,000 inhabitants, was in the Middle Ages one of the richest and grandest cities in Asia.



BALA MURGHAB, THE LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BRITISH AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.
SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.

THREE RELIGIOUS PICTURES.

ECHENA'S "ARRIVAL AT CALVARY."

The simultaneous exhibition of three works deriving their subjects from scriptural sources might at first sight suggest a revival of religious art among us and our neighbours. A very cursory glance, however, will show that whatever use painters may make of the Gospel history, or of the legends which have collected around it, they are either incapable of infusing into its treatment those sublime naïvetés which distinguished the ages of faith, or else they are too eager to follow public sentiment than ambitious to lead it in new paths.

The first of these works to which we have to refer is Señor Echena's "Arrival at Calvary," to be seen at Messrs. Graves', Pall-mall. This enormous work, destined, if we mistake not, to be placed behind the high altar in the pro-Cathedral of Madrid, deserves especial notice as the production of a modern Spanish artist, upon whom foreign influence has had but little effect; and we are thus better able to estimate the position occupied by that country in modern art than is possible to gather from the works of such men as Fortuny, Madrazo, and others who have subjected their art to the requirements of French fashion and taste. In the present picture, painted throughout in a low tone of colour, the artist has at least chosen a seldom-painted episode of the awful tragedy. The sky above is a leaden grey, but round the horizon is gathering that darkness which later on was to cover all. The procession has just reached the summit; Christ, worn out with suffering and fatigue, seems scarcely able to advance. Alone, deserted, yet erect, the Man of Sorrow stands before us, his white robe soiled and disordered, whilst from his brow the blood is dropping beneath the crown of thorns. All his disciples have left him; the only faithful one is the Magdalen pressing forward with her box of scent, which she is eagerly urging him to take. Beside her are one or two other sympathetic women, who have forced themselves in front of the soldiers, and, with sublime devotion to their Lord, are heedless of the jeers of which they are the objects. In the foreground, with their backs to the spectator, are the two thieves, bound and awaiting their doom, of which the instruments, two rough crosses, are lying on the ground. On one of these a man is busy shaping it so as to fit it into the socket-hole already dug; whilst another, in brutal indifference, seated on the cross itself, recalls at once a figure by Ribera. On the left of the spectator, the Roman soldiers are keeping back the crowds of Jewish people and priests who are attempting to close round the place of execution, and the impotent rage of these contrasts forcibly with the stolid discipline of the soldiers, intent only on their duty of keeping Golgotha clear. In the background, toiling up the last ascent of the steep, are to be seen Simon the Cyrenian and a host of others—disciples, scoffers, or apostates, with whom devotion or curiosity has triumphed over fear of the Romans. The whole scene is, apart from the central figure, a tumultuous one—not, perhaps, more so than it may have been in reality, but conceived in a wholly different spirit to those Crucifixion scenes in which the great masters of the Renaissance delighted, and into which they threw all the serenity of assured faith and deep-seated conviction.

MUNKACSY'S "CALVARY."

The picture entitled "Calvary," by Herr M. Munkacsy, on exhibition by Messrs. Agnew, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, whilst conceived in a somewhat similar spirit, displays a totally different technique. In Señor Echena's work, low tones and subdued colouring predominate; but in Herr Munkacsy's,

dark shadows, broad lines of rich colour on a black background, form the basis of his art. The Spanish painter, moreover, has managed to arrest the attention of the spectator upon the chief actor in the awful scene; whilst Herr Munkacsy, with singular misapprehension, has so dexterously balanced the figure of the livid Christ on the cross by the figure of the Roman centurion, on a white horse, that the whole interest, as a matter of composition, is centred in the repulsive figure of the executioner—a burly figure in a blue gown, brandishing a hatchet—who occupies the middle of the canvas. The scene, as painted by Herr Munkacsy, is grand and striking enough, but it seems to us to be wholly wanting in religious inspiration, and even in originality of conception. The grouping of the scene may be Herr Munkacsy's own, as is undoubtedly the surging of the angry crowd; but nearly each individual figure suggests a foreign authorship. The Christ on the Cross is a reminiscence of Vandyck or Rubens; the Virgin Mother's attitude at the foot of the Cross is that of Gérôme; the Martha fainting is from Daniele da Volterra; and the St. John is Guido's; and so on throughout the work. The moment chosen is the awful one when the last cry had just been uttered and the Saviour's head is bowed, but before the look of peaceful rest has settled upon his sorrow-seamed features. Ranged behind the Roman soldiers, and occupying the greater part of the canvas, are the chief priests and people, for a moment awed and hushed, except one old man, who mockingly is bidding the King of the Jews to come down from the Cross. On the left the Centurion on a white charger turns away sorrowfully, casting a wistful glance behind; whilst in the foreground two elders—perhaps Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea—in close converse, are walking slowly away from the spot. At the extreme edge of the picture is the figure which detracts greatly from the dignity of the scene—a man running away, with fear, rather than remorse, depicted on his face. It can scarcely have been intended to be Judas, whose traditional hair would have indicated him; and one can only presume that under this somewhat ignoble figure Herr Munkacsy has intended to portray Ahasuerus, the legendary wanderer.

It is impossible to place this work of Munkacsy's on a level with his "Christ before Pilate." It is wanting not only the composition, but the poetic inspiration which marked the earlier work; and, however much awe we may feel in presence of the scene which the artist has reproduced, it must be allowed that he has done nothing to add to its sublimity and deep tragedy. The story as told by the Evangelist is more touching than Herr Munkacsy's pictorial illustration of it.

HOLMAN HUNT'S "TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS."

If we pass from the Egyptian Hall to the Fine-Arts Society's Gallery in Bond-street, we shall find how one of our own countrymen treats a religious subject. Mr. Holman Hunt is at the very antipodes of art to either of the foreigners above alluded to. They are realists in the fullest nineteenth-century sense of the word. Mr. Holman Hunt is a pure idealist, and in his picture of "The Triumph of the Innocents" he has selected a subject thoroughly congenial to his art. Although the episode of the Flight into Egypt belongs to the domain of Scripture history, the artist has seized upon one of those beautiful legends which crystallised round every event which was in any way connected with the Holy Child's early life. The moment chosen is when the cavalcade has passed in safety the ridge of mountains which lie behind Bethlehem towards the sea, but are still pressing onwards, while the darkness shelters them, in order to escape from Herod and the effects of his cruel decree.

The mother is seated on an ass of the Mecca breed, which Joseph is carefully but rapidly leading across the flowery plain watered by pure springs which seem to be rising beneath their feet. The Holy Child is lying on his mother's lap, and engaging all her attention—a figure of exquisite beauty and childhood's grace. Beside them trots the ass's foal, with difficulty able to keep pace with its dam, but unwilling to be separated from her. Behind is the water-wheel and mill-house, whence the dogs, aroused by the passing travellers, have come out to bark, but at the strange sight are slinking, voiceless, away. On the distant hillside the watchfires are burning, and to these Joseph ever and again turns his head to see if his flight is discovered, and an alarm given. Nothing, however, breaks the solemn beauty of the scene, upon which Mr. Holman Hunt has not laboured in vain. But to depict this was only one half of the artist's self-appointed task. The Child upon his mother's lap is calling her attention to the company around; the spirits of the martyred children of Bethlehem troop round the Holy Family—some garlanded, others like enrolled saints and priests, or with branches of palm and blossoming trees. These children in their spiritual bodies bear no trace of the wounds of which they were the victims, although their torn or cut dresses bear evidence of the executioner's knife, and one little child is still wondering at its broken coral necklace, of which it holds the pieces in its hand. On the other side of the river is another group of children, more conscious of the divinity of the Child passing by; whilst behind and high up in the air is another group, still sleeping and grieving, the only suggestion of pain and sorrow in the picture. Out of the ground the ever-rolling crystal stream is constantly breaking into transparent bubbles, in which one can trace the Tree of Life, the happiness of the blest, and other promises of the Patriarchs—hopes and aspirations with which the minds of the pious were at that time filled.

Such, briefly, is Mr. Holman Hunt's last work, which cannot fail to add greatly to his reputation as a colourist, a draughtsman, and as a poet. He has touched a chord which cannot fail to vibrate in every heart, and he attains his end without effort and without pedantry. The children's faces are exquisite studies of child-life in the East, where the picture was carefully, and amid many difficulties, composed, although this reproduction of it was painted in this country. It is never difficult to raise objections to certain minor details of Mr. Hunt's treatment. His ways are not the ways of ordinary artists; and his hand, like his imagination, must be allowed a certain freedom. The principal fault we find in the work is the transposition of the real and the imaginary elements. The actual disposition of the light suggests that the children—solid, bright, and full of life—are real children, before whose simple, unastonished eyes are passing in the rich moonlight the Holy Cavalcade. It is scarcely any reply to say that these celestial children carry with them their own self-generated light, and that hence comes their strength and distinctness. They are incidents of a scene which passes at midnight, and are, therefore, subject to the ordinary laws of light and shadow. Again, there is something almost grotesque, and in no sense elevating, in the group of half-emancipated children poised in the air; whilst the bright blue cap of one of the children in the lower group jars with every colour in the rest of the picture. But there is in "The Triumph of the Innocents" much that is so good—so far beyond the reach of other artists of any school—that such blemishes as these we pass by with scarcely a word of protest, and commend the picture most heartily to those who believe in and to those who misdoubt the revival of religious art in our days.

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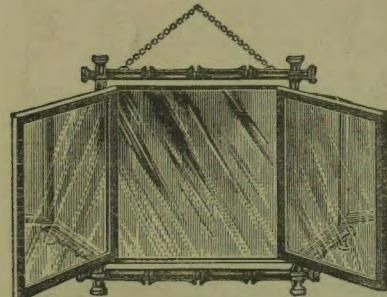
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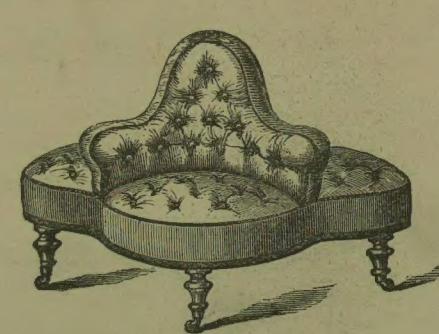
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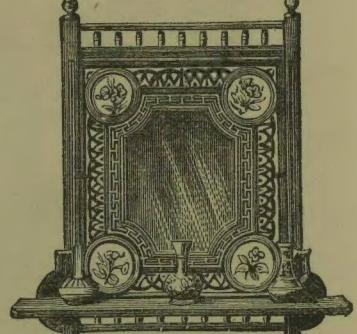
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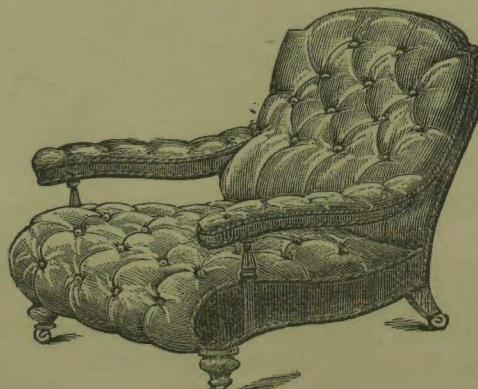
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THE VERDICT OF THE DOCTORS.

A. S. KENNEDY, Esq., L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., &c., writes:

"14, Conduit-street, London, W., Dec. 20, 1884.

"The two AMMONIAPHONES that I had from you have given very good results. Apart from improved timbre, resonance, and extension of register, which are undeniable, I have found the AMMONIAPHONE most useful in cutting short catarrhal and laryngeal troubles, and of great benefit in removing huskiness. Several patients have tried the AMMONIAPHONE at my suggestion, and are all pleased with the improvement in their voices.

Dr. A. KINGSFORD, writing in the "Lady's Pictorial," Nov. 29, says:—"To these general recommendations I may advantageously add a new and peculiar one, for which I am indebted to the invention of Dr. Carter Moffat. I speak of the AMMONIAPHONE, an instrument constructed on ingenious principles, and skilfully adapted to its purpose. The ingredients used in the AMMONIAPHONE are principally peroxide of hydrogen and free ammonia; the nature of the others is not disclosed, but we are assured that they are of an equally harmless nature. Both of these substances have been long employed as anti-spasmodic agents in cases of ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, &c., but to Dr. Carter Moffat belongs the credit of combining their action in an instrument of portable and elegant form, applicable to popular use. . . . The stimulative action of ammonia on the cerebral centres of the nerves specially affected in ASTHMA, and its generally beneficial influence on the respiratory and spinal systems, is familiar to all medical practitioners, and its formulae are known to be commonly administered, both internally and externally, in cases of HYSTERIA and SWOONING, as well as in those of NERVOUS DEPRESSION and EXHAUSTION. A daily deep inhalation of the contents of an 'AMMONIAPHONE' will invigorate and brace the nervous centres of respiration, and thus set up a tonic reaction on the larynx and organs of the thorax. I think you cannot do better than to follow my example—for I need hardly add that I have myself purchased an 'AMMONIAPHONE'—and take regularly, as I do, your appointed ration of peroxide of hydrogen and free ammonia."

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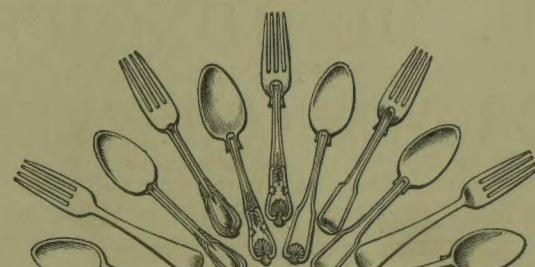
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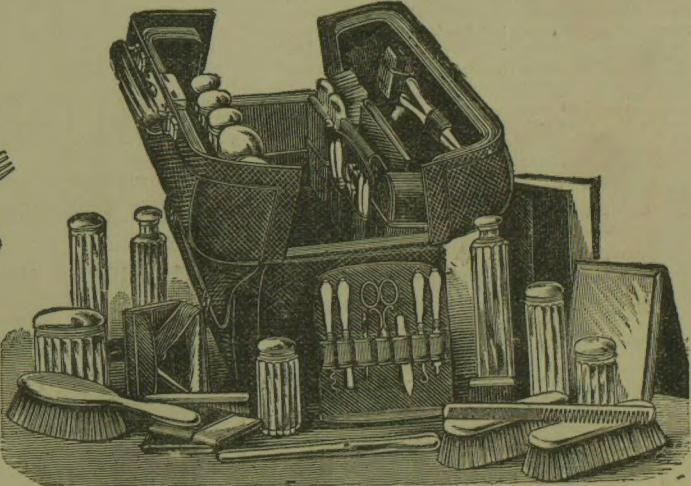
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has proved of the utmost value in the treatment of COUGHS, COLDS, CLERICAL THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, APHONIA, or LOSS OF VOICE, DEAFNESS resulting from Colds, all Affections of the Throat and Chest, and Sleeplessness. Such ailments may be entirely overcome by means of this simple and beneficent invention.

THE PUBLIC PRAISE IT.

The Very Rev. Dr. VAUGHAN, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple, writes:

"My voice has now nearly recovered its tone, and I have certainly derived benefit, though not suddenly or rapidly, from the use of your AMMONIAPHONE."

Lady MACFARREN (wife of Sir G. A. Macfarren, the distinguished President of the Royal Academy of Music), writes:

"I consider the AMMONIAPHONE to have a wonderfully bracing effect on the vocal organs, and shall have great pleasure in recommending it to such as have weak or relaxed throats; indeed, I have already done so."

The Rev. AUBREY C. PRICE, B.A., Chesterton, Clapham Park, S.W., writes:

"I have great pleasure in bearing very high testimony to the value of Dr. Carter Moffat's AMMONIAPHONE. I tried it first after a week of very hard work, in which I had lost my voice very sore. The AMMONIAPHONE put all this right in a single day, and not only enabled me to speak as easily and well as if I had had previously no extra work, but actually enabled me to speak with far more ease and comfort than usual. I have given it A FAIR TRIAL UNDER EXCEPTIONALLY HARD CONDITIONS, and I can bear conscientious testimony to its value in sustaining and clearing the voice to an almost marvellous degree, and in PREVENTING to a great extent the WEARINESS and SORENESS of the throat, which I have usually experienced as the consequence of a long and severe exercise of the vocal organs."

CHARLES WYNDHAM, Esq., Criterion Theatre, writes:

"I have now used the AMMONIAPHONE which you forwarded to me about a fortnight ago, and, although sceptical at first, I am bound now to confess it is of very great service to me."

THERE WAS NO DENYING IT.

PALL MALL GAZETTE, Nov. 7, 1884.

"Last night St. James's Hall was filled with an intelligent company of musical and scientific people, who were invited to witness the results of the AMMONIAPHONE. . . . The doctor himself, surrounded by distinguished vocalists, all of whom were Ammoniaphone votaries, explained, instrument in hand, the wonders of his new discovery. Our representative was invited to repeat a few notes in his natural voice, then take some deep inhalations and repeat the same words over again. He did so, and was positively startled at the loudness and sonority of his own voice. The thing seemed absurd; but THERE WAS NO DENYING IT; the INCREASED VOLUME and IMPROVED TIMBRE were TOO OBVIOUS."

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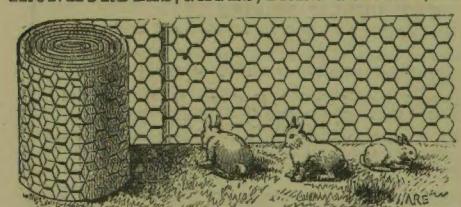
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